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DETROIT

PUNCH



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10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

R.V. 217 July-Dec. 1949

Punch, July 6 1949



"All Sir Garnet"

General Sir Garnet
Wolseley was a
stickler for detail.
So effectively did

he stickle that he became a Field Marshal
and a Viscount and bequeathed his name as a one-time
Army synonym of the nautical "shipshape and Bristol

fashion." Sir Garnet's views on Schweppes, being
unrecorded, have not shared the same immortality. But

Schweppes in Sir Garnet's day, as long before and indeed
in our own, was the *beau ideal* of the perfect drink. More
than a century and a half has gone to the making of its
bubble reputation. Admirals and Generals galore,
of mighty repute in their day, have been
relegated to the echoing vistas of
the National Portrait Gallery, while we,
their heirs and assigns, still
stickle stoutly for our Schweppes.



Sticklers steadily stickle for

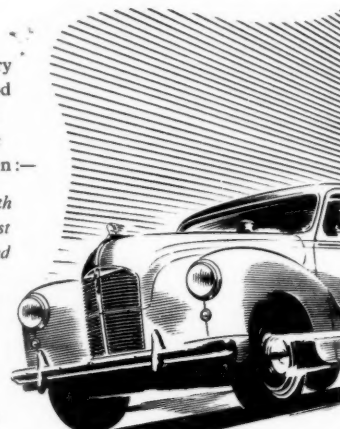
SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE

You see more Austins on the
roads of Britain today than
any other single make of car

Many of the old Austins still very
actively employed have withstood
rough treatment as well as years
of hard work. A Brecknockshire
owner tells of his 1933 Austin Ten:—

"In 1940 her remains lay beneath
the debris of a garage. An optimist
salvage man tried to start her—and
she worked. During the war she
received shocking treatment in all
weathers and on every type of
road without missing a beat."

The new Austin A40 'Devon'
has the same hardy constitution:
it, too, will prove that . . .



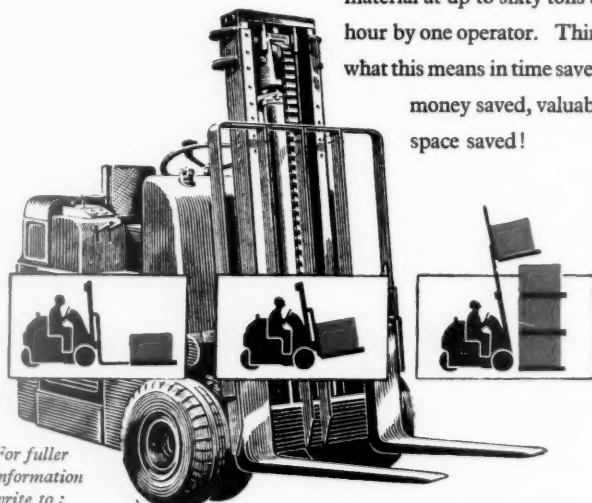
The A40—a champion dollar earner for Britain

AUSTINS LAST LONGER
— you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

One way onwards is upwards

Here is a Truck that gives
you Mechanical Handling and Vertical Storage in any
part of your present plant layout. It gives you inward
delivery and outward loading of heavy and awkward
material at up to sixty tons an
hour by one operator. Think
what this means in time saved,
money saved, valuable
space saved!



For fuller
information
write to:

COVENTRY CLIMAX fork trucks

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, DEPT. 13, WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY



Made by **ABDULLA** for those
who prefer the American style of blend

Household words

Now that the long unnatural spell of the "seller's market" is ending, no task is more vital to the manufacturer than placing his products firmly among the "household words" of tomorrow. At home, yes—as well as abroad. More and more, now, people will ask for what they want, instead of having to take what they can get. And "what they want" is largely decided by consistent long-term advertising policy.

Crawfords, with their immense experience in establishing "household words," are already operating this process for many far-looking clients. Side by side with your production and distribution, you too should have in hand an advertising projection, for now and the future, carrying the same personality of word and design through press, hoardings and packaging down to the smallest leaflet.

For advertising is not jet-propelled. It works by constant reiteration of its theme, educating the mind into a habit and preference, and so into the action of buying.

When people can choose freely they choose their favourite brand. Such advertised brand-names are sheet-anchors through the years to come, for those who own them.

Crawfords

Consultants on Advertising

Marketing Research

Distribution

Packaging, etc

W.S. Crawford Ltd, 233 High Holborn, London W.C.1 (Holborn 4381)

For Mothers



When you are nursing your baby you will be well advised to take PRENATALAC to augment your normal diet.

Before Baby comes, your health will also be built up by PRENATALAC.

This most palatable Full Cream Milk Food ensures that the necessary supply of iron so essential to your good health and that of your baby is maintained.

Your doctor will confirm the value of PRENATALAC to you as a nursing or expectant mother. For the sake of yourself and your baby, get a tin from your chemist today.

Prenatalac

A COW & GATE PRODUCT

4452



Father
rather falls
for Dick's
crispy
crunchy

Weetabix

—MORE THAN A BREAKFAST FOOD

Weetabix shows up for the children's breakfast—and bingo! the whole family are after it. It's wheat, malt, salt and sugar—all flavour, all goodness. It's all ready. It's all right!

POPULAR PACK 8½d.

An absolute "spell-binder"

even by **Kiddicraft** standards

Billie and his Seven Barrels

Even parents of children who have grown up with KIDDICRAFT "Sensible" Toys from birth are amazed at the sheer devotion this delightful toy inspires. Billie's seven barrels, in seven different colours of plastic, all unscrew in the middle into separate halves and each barrel fits into the next size up. Inevitable though its outcome, the hunt for Billie—usually to be found asleep in the smallest of his barrels—provides a climax that simply refuses to lose its appeal.



Price 13/1d. From all good Toy Shops, Baby Shops and Department Stores. In case of difficulty write for address of your nearest "KIDDICRAFT" Stockist.

Kiddicraft

FREE—If you are the mother of a young child or are interested in Child Welfare you should write for a free copy of Hilary Page's 16-page Illustrated Booklet.

'SENSIBLE' TOYS

Designed by Hilary Page

KIDDICRAFT LTD. (DEPT. P.U.) · KENLEY · SURREY

Optical discovery allows you to see right through reflected glare



HERE AT LAST is a way to cut out summer glare without dimming the things you want to see. Ordinary sun glasses darken everything you look at. Only with Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields can you see every detail and colour. They are comfortable to wear and absolutely safe for your eyes.

Ideal for holiday makers, cyclists, fishermen, motorists, yachtsmen and many others.

The "66" Sunshield (as illustrated)—15/6 plus 1/2 P. Tax. Many other models available and in a wide range of colours.

*** Polaroid**
DAY GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS

POLARIZERS (UNITED KINGDOM) LTD.
21/22 GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, W.1.
* Regd. Trade Mark Patented in U.S.A., Great Britain and other countries.

HOW POLAROID GLASSES WORK

- Bright white light from the sun strikes a coloured surface.
 - Some rays bounce off as white glare; others are reflected to the eye as useful 'seeing' rays that show the colour and detail of the surface.
 - Ordinary tinted glass dims the glare and the useful 'seeing' light as well.
 - Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields cut out annoying white glare, but let the 'seeing' light pass through—thus revealing all the detail and full colour.
- Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields from opticians, chemists and leading stores.

Only at **Jacqmar**
will you find so many
beautiful poultts
rustling taffetas
exquisite fabrics for a
lovely evening dress

Jacqmar

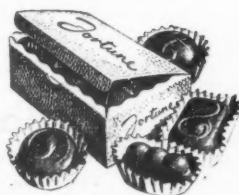
16, Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.



Fortune
makes the
heart grow
fonder

On the right are : Truffle, Marzipan and
Hazelnuts, Montelimart, Malt Caramel
and Hazelnut—four of the exciting
Chocolates in delicious Fortune assort-
ment made by **CALEY**

OF NORWICH



Silhouette
your figure



Silhouette Corsets,
boned or unboned,
have a non-roll
"Trubenised" top.
In the boned models
(patent applied for) the
bones are dovetailed into the
"Trubenised" top so that they
cannot pinch you. Silhouette
"Trubenised" Brassieres and
Corselets are also available.

Write now for Descriptive folder to
CORSETS SILHOUETTE LTD., Angel House, London, N.1



Here
comes the
winner...

Here's the best looking—best
behaving swimsuit we've ever made.
It's specially for you if you want to swim
better, look lovelier and have a heavenly
time this summer. It's woven in dream
coloured cotton-rayon-lastex material
that takes years off a girl's figure—it's fast
drying—stretches two ways and fits just
like your own skin. Men too, can cut a
dash in these ribbed for slimness, quick
drying wool trunks. Plenty of people
are waiting for the new Jantzen's. So
buy yours soon and have a happy holiday.



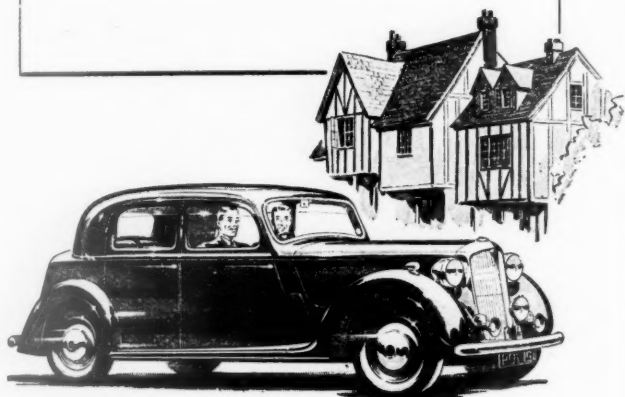
"... This thoroughly satisfying car ..."

BRIEFLY this thoroughly satisfying car of the highest quality does everything with a silky smoothness, a soothing quietness, and also in about the highest degree of riding comfort in front and back seats yet known, and with a precision and lightness of control which makes a driver feel on top of his form and which renders every mile a delight whether in town or out on the open road ... Throughout, there is that suggestion of top mechanical quality, exclusive to a tiny fraction of cars, which eludes detailed description."

★ A short extract from the Road Test Report on the Rover 75 published in The Autocar for February 4th, 1949

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED, SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, LONDON

CVS-117

The wonder watch that defies the elements

Here is the Rolex Oyster, first and most famous waterproof wrist-watch in the world.

How was such a watch made a reality? It was the result of years of experiment by Rolex artists and technicians. Imagine these men's excitement when, in 1927, Miss Mercedes Gleitze, a London stenographer, startled the world by swimming the English Channel wearing ... a Rolex Oyster!

This achievement meant that Rolex had perfected their unique waterproofing method—the self-sealing action of one metallic surface upon another. It permanently protects the movement's accuracy against dirt and moisture. No wonder the Rolex Oyster is famous the world over! Rolex Oysters are obtainable at leading jewellers only. A small number of ladies' models is now available.

IMPORTANT: To ensure that your Oyster remains completely waterproof, please see that the crown is screwed down tightly after winding.



ROLEX

Leaders in Fashion
and Precision



A ROLEX OYSTER wrist-watch. Tested for 23 years both in peace and war, Rolex Oysters are today worn by hundreds of thousands of men and women in every climate and continent.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, Governing Director)

DAKS^{*} SUIT

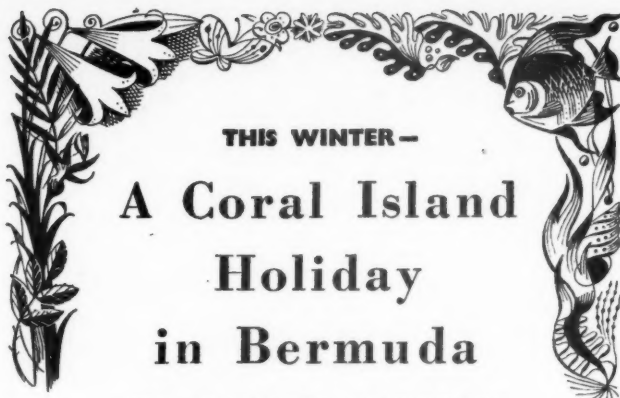
a
country
lover!

Simpson
TAILORED

Good-looking as a thoroughbred hunter. Easy as an old friend. A unique two-piece—Daks self-supporting trousers and matching comfort-in-action jacket. In a variety of sports tweeds and woollens. From Simpson agents everywhere.



* The word 'Daks' is a registered trade name



THIS WINTER—
**A Coral Island
Holiday
in Bermuda**

FOR UNLIMITED ENJOYMENT

In BERMUDA the pink and white sand is washed by the Gulf Stream. In BERMUDA time is a tranquil flow of dream-like days and glittering nights. In BERMUDA you can sail or ride, fish or play golf, and the idling is the best in the world. The average temperature in BERMUDA in January is 63°. In BERMUDA modern hotels offer supreme comfort, and there are no currency restrictions at all. The return fare is £148 by air in winter, and hotel charges are from £2 a day. The fare by ship is from £120 return.

Ask any Travel Agent for particulars, or write to:
**THE BERMUDA GOVERNMENT INFORMATION OFFICE,
WINDSOR HOUSE, 83, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.**

Telephone: HOL. 0487



Four in One!

No more trouble fumbling with four different pencils. Here you have four different colours in one pencil. Each lead is specially spring-loaded, it cannot jam, is easy to obtain and simple to fit. Price 3/9.

**FORTNUM
& MASON**

181, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. REGent 8040



Mother o' mine...

"... he met me at the harbour and said 'Hello, pet, had a good journey?' just as if I'd been spending a weekend with you and Dad instead of emigrating across the world to join him! Now, all those months in which I imagined him changing, growing away from me, are as if they had never been..."

LETTERS are your ambassadors; they convey sympathy and understanding, the warmth of your affection, and the imprint of your character. To your mother, to your daughter, write simply, from the heart. And as carefully as you choose your words, so you choose a good-looking notepaper. There is no more pleasing notepaper than Basildon Bond. It makes writing and reading a pleasure; it does you credit! Its quality has remained extremely high, its price remarkably low. Ask for Basildon Bond by name!

LETTERS THAT COUNT—
COUNT FOR MORE ON

*Basildon
Bond*

BRITAIN'S
MOST DISTINGUISHED
NOTEPAPER

**BERMUDA is
an open book**



to Poly Tours

We know the secrets of every little sandy cove; we know just the hotel you would choose yourself; we know the best places to eat and the most exciting things to see and do; in fact we know sun-kissed Bermuda inside out.

Last year we had a brilliantly successful season there; and this year we plan an even better one. And, remember, when you travel with Poly Tours—alone or on one of our direct escorted tours from London on Dec. 6th and Jan. 26th—you travel without a care; also escorted departures via New York on Oct. 22nd, Nov. 10th, Feb. 8th, March 3rd and April 6th. Prices are less than you'd expect.

Send for the Programme—it's FREE

Printed in full colour, it is packed full of valuable information. Send for it to-day, before you forget, to:—



POLY TOURS, 311K Regent Street, London, W.1
Telephone: MAYfair 8100

Here's really great news for women



OUT of the inspired imagination of our designers, right into the hearts of fashion-wise women, come these brilliant new blouses by Kayser Bondor, *tailored with you in mind*. So fresh, so utterly right for both formal and informal occasions.

These two classic styles are in dazzling white sharkskin and are perfect in fit and finish from collar to cuff — with the added attraction of removable shoulder pads to simplify laundering. The blouse with long sleeves and elegant turn-back cuffs has a collar that can be worn open or closed and an inverted pleat at the back for easy movement. **Price 57/6d.**

The short sleeved blouse has turn-back cuffs and a neat pointed collar. Small pearls add a decorative touch as buttons. **Price 44/6d.**

Ask to see Kayser Bondor blouses — they ask to be seen!

KAYSER BONDOR

Blouses

*Light weight wool dress
from the Dorville Collection.
Obtainable at most fine stores*



It's a Gayledour...

Pure Mohair
FOR BEAUTY

Deep Curly Pile
FOR COMFORT

Superb Finish
FOR LASTING WEAR

Gayledour Rugs are available in 3 shapes, 6 sizes, and 15 glorious colours. Price? Surprisingly small. Delivery? Direct from Mills to Consumer. Ordering? A strict rotation list ensures that within the shortest possible time a GAYLEDOUR RUG will be yours. Trade enquiries are not invited.

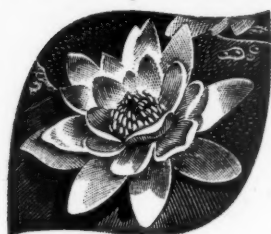
GAYLEDOUR

PURE MOHAIR RUGS

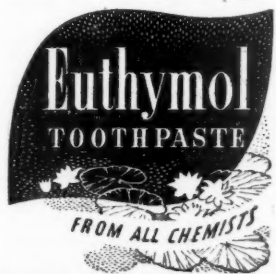
Name _____
Address _____

The free illustrated Gayledour Booklet. True colours, full details, shapes, sizes, prices, and easy to order form. No obligation. Write today to:—
Dept., P.I. 8-10 Wakefield Road, Drighlington, Nr. Bradford, Yorks.

BRAMHOPE FLOOR FURNISHINGS LTD.,



*For
Morning
Freshness*



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT



QUEEN ANNE
SCOTCH WHISKY

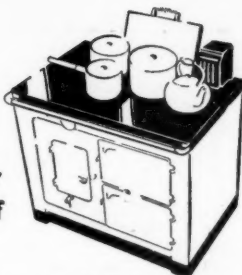


HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

Holders of Royal Appointment to
successive Sovereigns since 1838

ESSE

**the modern cooker
that pays for itself**



Cooking is a pleasure with an ESSE. The hotplate is extra fast-boiling and in every ESSE there are at least two ovens, one for roasting and one for slow-cooking. Both hotplate and ovens are always hot 24 hours a day.

As for fuel saving! Headaches about bills are banished with an ESSE. For example, the No. 3 Fairy illustrated cooks for six and supplies constant hot water on approximately 26 lbs. of coke in 24 hours. Compare this with your pre-

Write for details.

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
Head Office: Bonnybridge, Scotland
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1
and Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

sent fuel bills for cooking and water heating. For larger demands there are ESSE models with separately fired water heaters.

Refuelling is particularly simple. The filling-plug is removed and coke nuts 'poured' into the hopper from the handy hod supplied. Anthracite and Phumacite are also suitable.

Other standard features are—thermostatic control, thermometer, towel rail and shining porcelain enamel finish.

Hire Purchase arranged.

**Now that Electric Mixing is here
DON'T BE A NAME ON A WAITING LIST**



Make up your mind that a
KENWOOD is one great
convenience of modern life
you're going to enjoy NOW

KENWOOD Electric Mixing belongs in the category of refrigeration and telephone service . . . once you are enjoying its benefits you dread to think of life without it. Probably within the last few hours—certainly within the last few days—your arm has ached from tasks a KENWOOD would have performed for you while you watched. If you are not to find yourself envying more fortunate friends, while you remain a name on a waiting list, the time to act is NOW.

★ The story of KENWOOD Electric Mixing—of the untold work and tedium which it saves in a dozen and one household tasks mainly (but not exclusively) concerned with food preparation—forms the subject of one of the most enlightening booklets you could hope to read. Send for your free copy today and for the name of the nearest Store where you can see the KENWOOD in action.

Kenwood
ELECTRIC
FOOD MIXER

KENWOOD ELECTRICS LTD. (Dep. 16)
151 OXFORD STREET • LONDON • W.1



St. Martin
'CHUNKY'
Regd. Trade Mark
MARMALADE

*with all its delicious flavour
and pre-war quality*

IS NOW OBTAINABLE
FROM ALL HIGH CLASS GROCERS & STORES

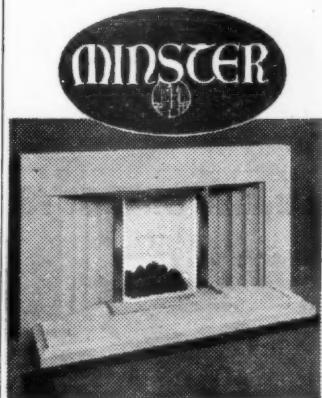
St. Martin Preserving Co., Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle, Ely,
Horsted Keynes.

**NO MORE DIRTY HANDS—
dermoCean**

Trade Mark
Rub "Dermoclean" into the hands before doing dirty work in Garage, Garden or House. Ordinary washing then leaves hands clean and smooth. 2/- per pot, incl. Tax. From all Chemists and Stores.

CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD., LIVERPOOL.
CA 138

FOCAL POINT
of any room is still the fireplace; traditional centre of attraction; worthy of the craft so finely expressed in the range of Special Stone Fireplaces designed for period or modern homes by . . .



**MINSTER FIREPLACES, 102 STATION RD.,
ILMINGTON, SOMERSET**

Send 1d. stamp for Illustrated Brochure

The Seasons Highlights

JULY
 North British Harrogate 2000 GOLF Tournament 10-22
 Exhibition Tennis Match 23
 Kismet-Budapest-Segula-Paid

AUG-SEP
 Flower & Horse Show & Gala 31-3
 Tchaikovsky Festival 22-24
 Yorkshire Symphony Orchestra

OCT
 24-29
 Drama Festival

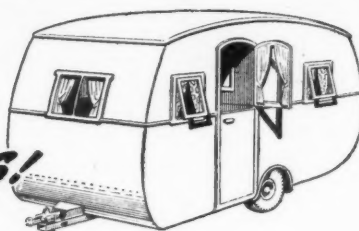
HARROGATE
 Britain's Festival Resort

Write NOW for the magnificent new 1949 Guide, and illustrated Folder with pictorial map to:-

D. H. BAXTER,
 Information Bureau, Harrogate

YOUR OWN HOME . . .

ON WHEELS!



Here's the practical answer to the housing problem . . . your own mobile home . . . a roomy caravan with ultra-modern fitments and every single convenience! Not expensive either—Jenkinson's easy terms are specially designed to help you. Write to-day for illustrated brochure of Britain's biggest selection of caravans—or see them for yourself at Jenkinson's famous sites at Taplow (Bucks) and Victoria, London, S.W.1.

A. S. JENKINSON

BATH ROAD, TAPLOW, BUCKS. Maidenhead 2610.
 (Right on main A 4—3 minutes Taplow Station.) Open always.

LONDON: Corner of Ebury Street and Semley Place (just off Buckingham Palace Road), Victoria, S.W.1. Hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., including Sundays. Phone: SLOane 4069.

Skin-Close
 SHAVING SECRET OF THE
Rabaldo
 ELECTRIC DRYSHAVER

The actual cutting blade touches the skin just like a razor blade—unlike other dryshavers there is no intervening guard to prevent a really close shave—that's the skin-close shaving secret of the Rabaldo. And there's no new technique to learn—just plug in and use at the normal 'safety' razor angle for a really speedy, close and comfortable shave without the bothers of soap, water, brush, creams or lotions. Guaranteed 12 months. First-class 24-Hours Servicing Dept.

In handsome leather case £8. 5s. 6d. (inc. P.T.), or in Presentation Box £6. 17s. 6d. (inc. P.T.). Obtainable from all high-class Hairdressers, Chemists, Electrical Dealers and Stores, etc. In case of difficulty please write direct to makers.



Manufactured by
 JOHN A. FRANSEN LTD.,
 Northwood Hills, Northwood, Middlesex
THE PERFECT DRYSHAVER

R491

For good care of the Hair

Perfumed with Otto of Roses, it adds lustre to the hair telling of its carefully blended ingredients—unmistakably Rowland's Macassar Oil. Made to a very special formula; used by discerning men and women since 1793. You will find Rowland's unequalled for dressing the hair and for promoting its healthy growth.

— Since 1793

ROWLAND'S

MACASSAR OIL

the choice of discerning men and women

3/6

BURMA CHEROOTS

'Call of the East'

Packed in boxes of 50,
 post free
 72.6

Imported
 direct from
 the native makers,



GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants

37 & 38 Royal Exchange, London, E.C.3

We invite enquiries for revised Wine List.



When it's an occasion...

Morning Suits for
SALE or HIRE

with all accessories

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN
 THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2.
 Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES



A glass of DRY FLY SHERRY is the ideal aperitif, and is a gracious welcome to your guests. Obtainable all over the world from your own Wine Merchant, or from:

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
 Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.
 Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

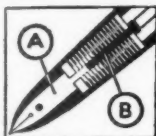


In the hands of statesmen, and business leaders, the Parker "51" signs many of the world's most important documents

World's most wanted pen

ACTUALLY 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen. Today more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen. Combining flawless beauty with unprecedented technical precision, the "51" writes instantly, with eager smoothness, as soon as point is touched to paper!

A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink so that the pen, when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs. The unique tubular 14-ct. gold nib is available in a wide range of points. There's one to suit your special needs! The gleaming Lustraloy cap slides on securely without twisting. Within the barrel is hidden a patented self-filler. At present still in limited supply. Available in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. Price 62/6 (plus 13/11 purchase tax).



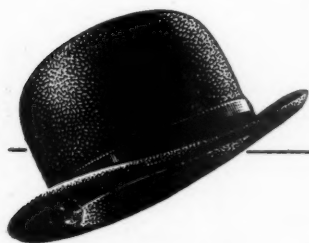
Notice how the nib (A) is safely hooded against dirt and damage—only the point shows. The ingenious, patented, ink-trap (B) enables the pen to "breathe," prevents flooding and leakage.

PARKER
Made in Great Britain and Canada

"51"

Fill your pen with Quink containing Solv-x, a protective ink for all good fountain pens
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Heads of State



heads of firms

and heads ahead of most

wear hats by . . .



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street),
and from the best men's shops everywhere

For appearance,
comfort and value

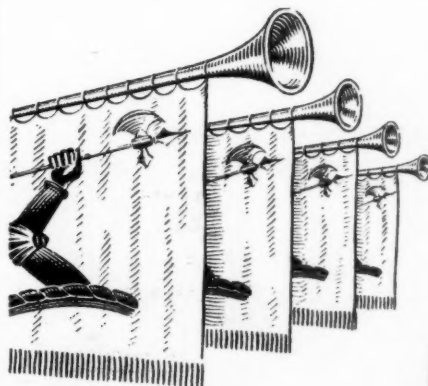
Spire



A
G. T. WHITE
Shoe

These good-looking Brogues in fine grain leather are available in black or tan at 54/-

Sold by good retailers • Made by G. T. WHITE LTD. at Kettering



Heralding the return of
HENNESSY "X.O."
liqueur brandy
the aristocrat of Cognac



During the Occupation, the old brandy lying in Messrs. Hennessy's Warehouse in Cognac was allowed to continue its patient life of maturation unmolested. Stocks grew, rather than diminished, because most export markets were closed. Now, the lifting of Government price control in this country has made it possible again to import the highest quality brandies, so Hennessy "X.O." Liqueur Brandy is here once more—and better than ever.

Ask your Wine Merchant for
HENNESSY "X.O." in the new decanter shaped bottle.



It's Pennines for Peaks . . . BUT

National

for ACCOUNTING
MACHINES



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY LTD.

A Day's Work

IN LESS THAN
AN HOUR



British Made

SEE STAND
No. 17
GRAND HALL,
NATIONAL
GARDEN
SHOW,
OLYMPIA.

● Yes!—Electric Hedge trimming means just that: tedious clipping and topiary work are done in a tenth of the time, and those lovely features of your garden can look better than ever before. So simple, too—just plug into the house mains, and guide your TARPENTRIMMER easily along, cutting clean through all growths up to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Well balanced and light enough for either sex use. (There are also models for operation from 12 v. car batteries or from TARPEN Portable Electric Generators.)

TARPENTRIMMER

Write for Illustrated Folder.

TARPEN ENGINEERING Co. Ltd.,
(Dept. A.), Ixworth House, Ixworth Place, London, S.W.3.
Tel: KENSington 3491 (7 lines)

PRICES
FROM
£15



one of these trucks will solve your problem

MARK VI
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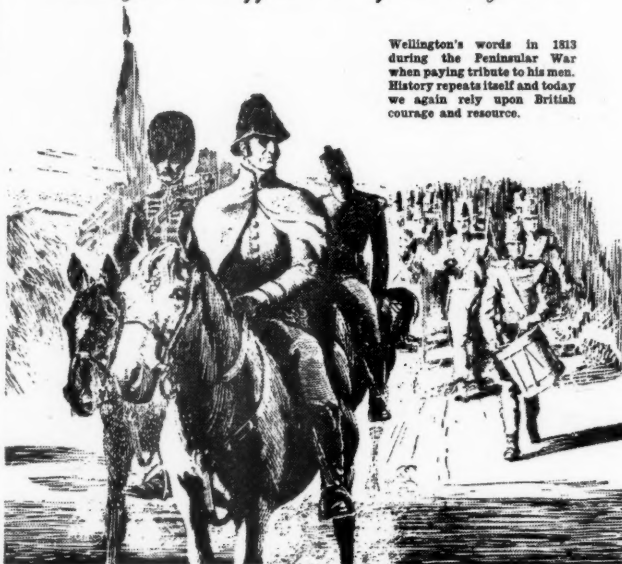
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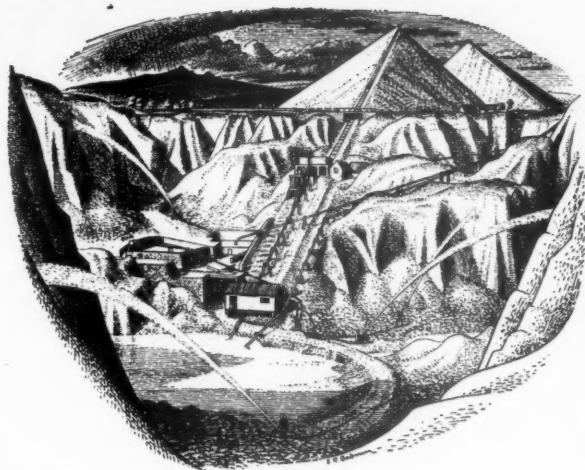
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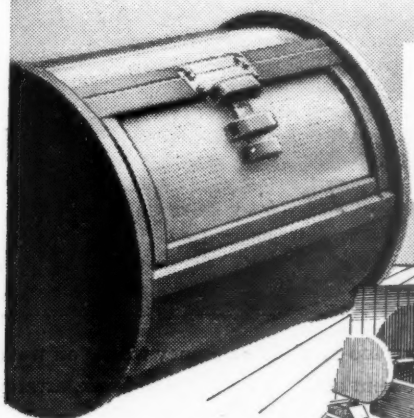
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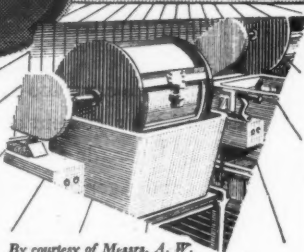
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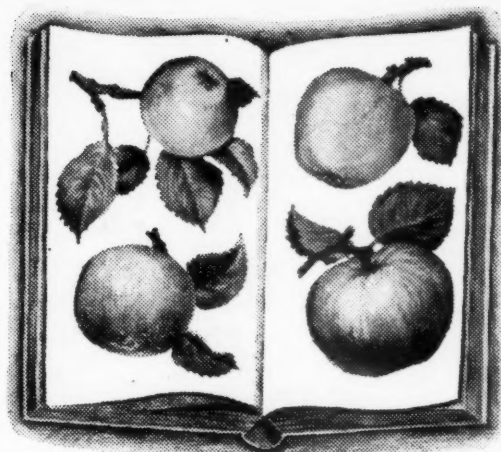
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WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY



HIS contemporary cartoon is a testimony to the versatility of Samuel Whitbread II. A Parliamentarian of note, he also found time to attend to the affairs of the famous brewery founded by his father in Chiswell Street. Then, in middle age, fate directed that he should become the guiding influence in a very different enterprise. In 1809,

Drury Lane Theatre had been destroyed by fire, dashing to the ground the hopes and fortune of its manager, Sheridan. Sheridan, however, prevailed upon Whitbread to undertake the rebuilding of the theatre. His fame as a Brewer tends to overshadow this action to which posterity owes a great debt, "but," writes a historian, "his name should be emblazoned on the walls in gold."

Estd 1762

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout

*The Return
of the
Red Ring!*



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NOT TO BE READ FOR 50 YEARS

IT may interest some *fin de siècle** reader, glancing casually at this quaint old back number, to know what subjects were agitating Press and people of this country at the opening of the second half of the year nineteen hundred and forty-nine. If I am asked what is particularly significant, as a date, about the opening of the second half of the year nineteen hundred and forty-nine, I reply that I know of nothing, except that it happens to be as far as we have got at the time of writing. This may strike the reader of fifty years hence as peculiar, but it seems quite natural to us.

Here goes, then:

There was much indignation with the Air Ministry for electing to carry out a night exercise during the hours of darkness, particularly as real planes were used. A Mr. Bowles, of South London, rang up the B.B.C. to complain that the uproar made it impossible to get on with the second volume of Winston Churchill's account of the Second World War which he was attempting to read aloud to his wife. Apparently he had just begun a Minute† from the Prime Minister to the Minister of Labour, dated September 26th 1940, when she interrupted to protest that she couldn't make head or tail of what he was reading; it sounded like "I was delighted with your hat." Mr. Bowles shouted that it *was* "I was delighted with your hat," and Mrs. Bowles thereupon asked him whether she was expected to believe that at the height of the Battle of Britain a busy man like Mr. Churchill found time to send complimentary messages about his headgear to a member of his

Cabinet. She added, to clinch the matter, that the hats of Mr. Bevin (then Minister of Labour) were notoriously commonplace. This led to a political argument, and Mr. Bowles accordingly requested the B.B.C. to call off the air exercise at once on the ground that it was endangering his domestic happiness.

This incident, not in itself momentous, might have had grave consequences, for it was followed by a widespread demand that mock air attacks on London should in future be carried out over uninhabited islands off the West Coast of Scotland. This disastrous proposal rapidly gained ground, until a strongly-worded letter to *The Times* brought Britain to her senses. Never before or since have the breeding habits of gannets so narrowly escaped serious disturbance.

* * * * *

By a coincidence, a motion to permit the conduct of atomic experiments in the neighbourhood of hibernating bears was talked out, during the same week, in the Præsidium of the Supreme Soviet of the so-called Soyuz Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik.

* * * * *

There was concern at this time over the need to increase the population. So many people were queueing at sweet shops that there were not enough left over to form adequate queues for cigarettes. Moreover, the figure of 2.2 children per adult female was felt to be in some respects absurd and a Royal Commission suggested that the middle classes be paid money to increase the average to a rounder and more convenient number. This proposal found some favour with the middle classes, in whom the fire of patriotism burned with a steady

* XXe, naturellement, pas XIXe. † Page 598.



"There's no need to say 'Thank you' every time."

flame, and they looked with confidence to the next Budget, pointing out in their corrupt and biased way that it was shortly to be followed by a General Election—as if that had anything to do with it.

* * * * *

A disquieting incident occurred in the Liverpool Street area, when a policeman called to assist a railway porter who was being attacked by business men refused to break into a run, on the plea that he was dissatisfied with the recommendations of the Oaksey Report. He said that if his pension was calculated on the basis of his last three years of service in the Force he would never be able to retire because his pension might get bigger if he stayed on, whereas if it was calculated on what he would be getting in his *next* three years he could retire at once, without doing the next three years at all. He added, without hurrying his gait, that the necessary increase in the numbers of the Force would never be achieved unless all the men now in it could retire at once. Upon this, one of the business men, who had had to break off the engagement because of a fractured umbrella, cried out angrily that the reason why one and a half million people in this country suffered from ulcers was not, as the B.M.A. pretended, because they had fussy wives, but because they were alarmed at the

shocking increase in crime. The policeman said he knew nothing as to that, and promptly arrested a bystander on suspicion of having had a bath during a period of absolute drought.

The timely arrival of a Canadian seaman brought the whole incident to a standstill.

* * * * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement that unless intra-European sterling drawers were made transferable or, at the very least, convertible we should be stripped to the bone in a fortnight, led to much agitated coming and going in political and economic circles. Mr. Figgins saw Mr. Petsche, Mr. Harriman went to Ostend, and M. Spaak, by some ludicrous mistake, was included in the final of the mixed doubles at Wimbledon. The United States Senate, alarmed at the possible effect of all this on their ulcers, which greatly outnumbered our own, went into secret recession.

* * * * *

Punch, cleared at last of the charges of corruption, Government dictation and monopolistic tendencies so freely and falsely brought against it, acquired about this time the subtly different appearance of the unexpectedly reprieved. But of course the *fin de siècle* reader can hardly be expected to notice that.

H. F. ELLIS

6 6

RHAPSODY

(Or lines on the Report of a Royal Commission)

SEE what a stainless front the morning bears!
And how, absolved from all unfaithfulness,
Wrapped in the robe of purity she wears,
Moves on the mountain side the English Press.

She smells the warm breath of the Western main
Or wanders lonely by a reed-rimmed mere,
And bending finds her image glassed again,
The brows unruffled and the eyes as clear.

And now in every milk bar of the town
Strong men break down in tears, to tears unused,
Knowing that Fleet Street wins the martyr's crown,
And that is flawless which was long traduced.

Her children chode* her. False accusers hence!
Yet some were faithful till the cause was won

Through all the tortuous mass of evidence
That seemed to blot the stars and foul the sun.

In many a corridor of power and light
Her servants breathe again and grasp the quill,
Readers who would not touch her overnight
Take shame they ever thought of her so ill.

The vans go forth. The vendors raise once more,
Seeing the voice of calumny is dumb,
Their cheerful shouting, and to swell her store
On twinkling feet the advertisers come.

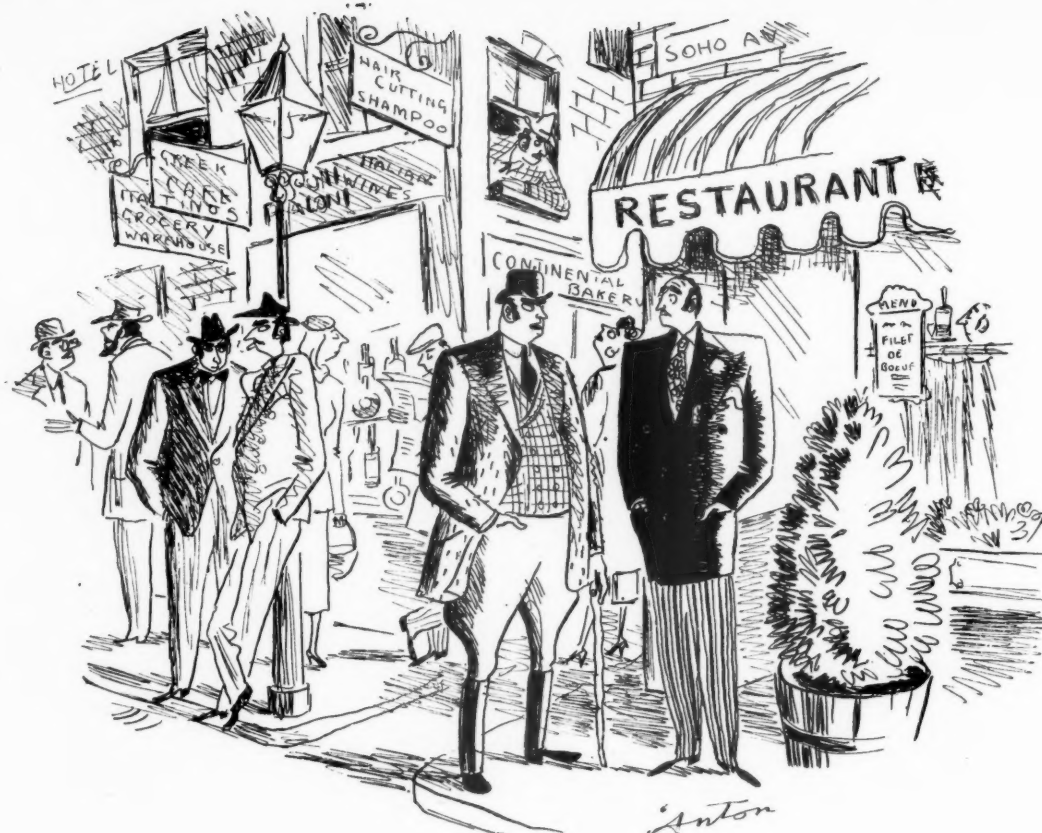
The sentence of acquittal has been said,
And surging joy too strong to overwhelm
Wonders if thanksgivings should not be read
Through all the myriad churches of the realm.

EVOE

* Editor. Unusual Perfect? Author. Yes.



SHEEP'S PARADISE



"How about twenty thousand pounds, all in one pound notes, for your restaurant?"

AN ANCIENT MARINER

IT was on the boat from Calais to Dover that I saw the melancholy man sitting alone, who on some slight pretext got into conversation with me, so that I could not avoid hearing the story I briefly retell. The weakness of the pretext, his determination to talk, and the melancholy of his expression, together all reminded me of Coleridge's ancient mariner.

"Have you got your landing-ticket?" he asked.

I said that I had.

"Ah, I wish I had mine," he said.

"It's easily got," I told him.

"No, no," he said. "I lost it. They don't give you another."

In the silence that followed some remark seemed to be called for. "Are you going to London?" I said.

"No," he answered. "I live at sea."

"At sea?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said. "You see, they wouldn't let me land."

"But why?" I asked.

He sighed and said "Because I had no landing-ticket."

"But that is absurd," I said. "They must let you off the boat."

"I am afraid not," he answered. "What would be the use of a landing-ticket if they would do that?"

If they did that it would make all landing-tickets perfectly meaningless, mere matters of form. Nobody would care whether they had one or not, if they did that. It has all been explained to me long ago. But I am sure that you will see that it must

be so, if you give it a moment's reflection."

"But did you have to go back to Calais?" I asked.

"Again and again," he said.

He was silent awhile after that, seeming to expect some further question from me.

So I said "When did you lose your landing-ticket?"

"Forty years ago," he replied.

I waited to hear more, but he had little more to tell. He had passed the high point of his story, forty years at sea. He merely explained again how they had to have rules, and that, if landing-tickets were unnecessary, they were waste of paper, which was scarce.

"But what did you do when the war came?" I asked. "These boats

stopped running. Surely you landed then."

"Not a chance of it then," he answered. "Regulations at once became more stringent than ever. Any leniency then was impossible. It would have let in spies."

"But what did it cost you?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "They couldn't make me pay, when they wouldn't let me land; and they had to feed me and keep me alive. But they never let me go ashore. Nobody would ever have bothered with their landing-tickets any more if they had."

"But you must apply for another," I said.

"No, no," he said. "They never give anyone two."

"But you must apply to the right quarter," I repeated.

"It's no use," he said helplessly.

People get like that sometimes, and I saw that after all those years of misfortune he would never try any longer to help himself, and I saw that I would have to do it. I went on shore with my landing-ticket; I got into the train, and, haunted still by the memory of that melancholy man and his dreadful predicament, I saw a traveller at the next table in the Pullman car who was being paid so much attention by the steward that I got the idea that he might be the very man to tell me the proper quarter in which an application ought to be made, and so I determined to try. I began by saying "I see, sir, that you are evidently a V.I.P."

"Well," he said very pleasantly, "I was only recently made one. And I think it was due to mere luck rather than anything else."

I made what effort I could to utter a remark that might be appropriate, and then I told the story of that unwilling mariner, and said what a hard case I thought it was, and was about to ask him where I ought to apply in order to get the poor old fellow a chance to land, when he said "Oh, that is a man who is put on board those boats by the Société Anonyme d'Assistance Générale au Tourisme, in order to impress upon tourists the importance of having their landing-tickets.

Otherwise they frequently lose them. He hasn't really been at sea for forty years."

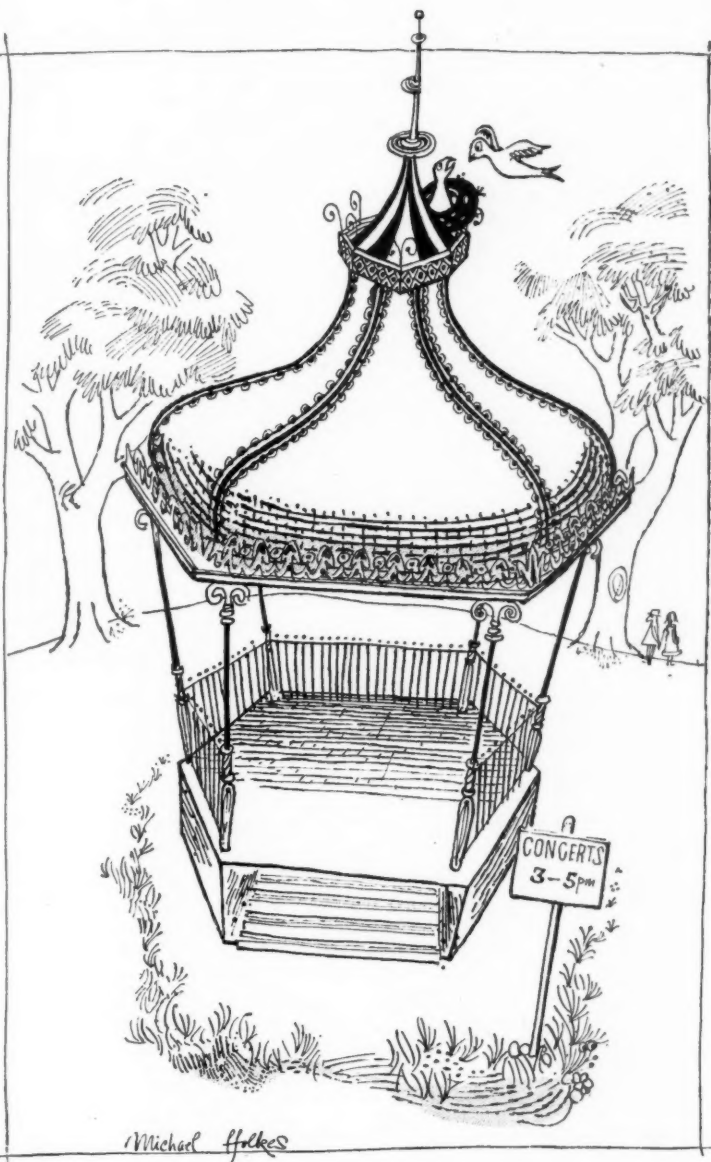
Well, that took a weight off my mind, and I thanked the V.I.P., at the same time assuring him that I would not give away what he had told me in confidence.

"Oh, that is all right," he said.

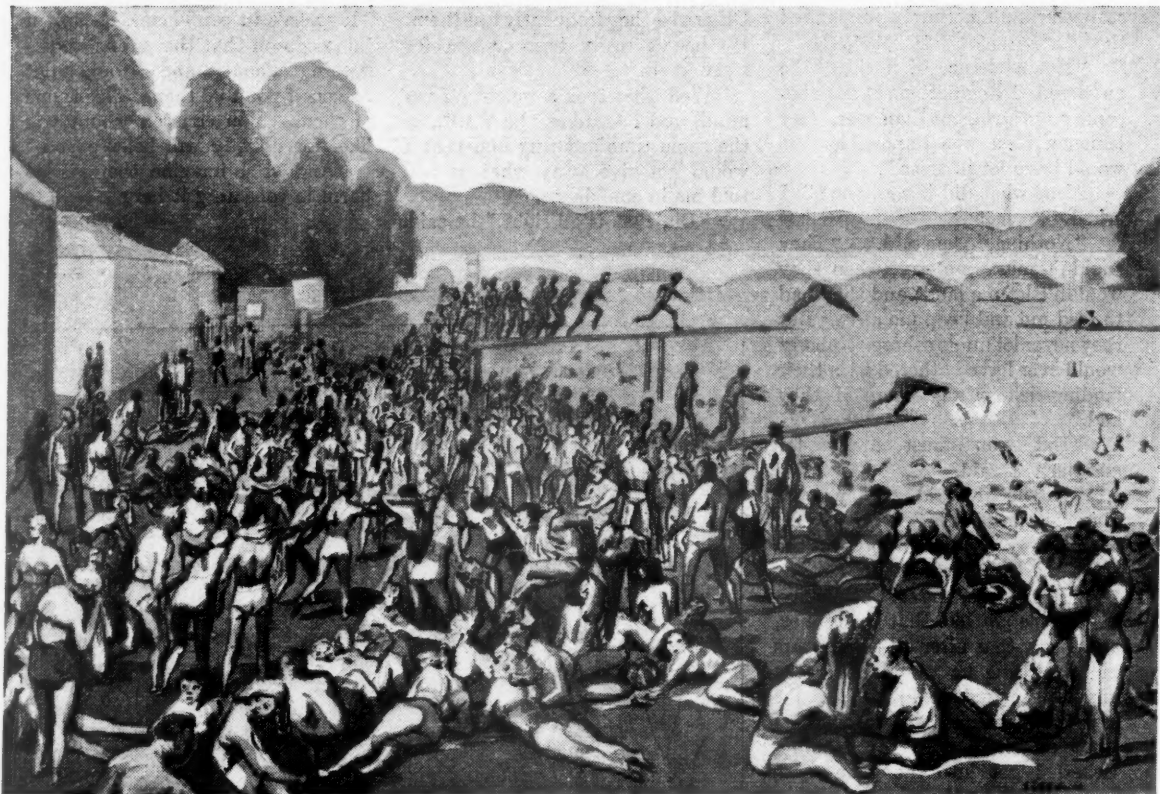
"It wasn't in confidence. A lot of things go on that the public knows nothing about, and would not believe if you told them. This is one of them. You can tell whom you like, for nobody will believe you."

And so I imagine there is no harm in repeating it here.

DUNSANY



"It's quite nice, but the noise in the afternoons is almost unbearable!"



MR. LANSBURY'S LIDO

I MUST first of all apologize for not having dictated this article while I lay smouldering on Mr. Lansbury's lawn. It would have been a very beautiful and poetic way to do it, and nobody would have thought me odd, because at the height of the season the place is awash with back-benchers, film directors and tycoons of light engineering dishing out deathless prose at the rate of about two words a minute to wonderfully pigmented girls in dark spectacles. There was,



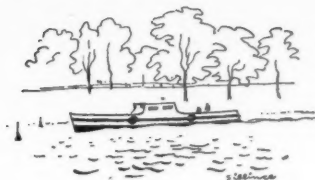
however, as sometimes happens in still larger negotiations, a technical hitch on a question of reciprocity. For while I was generously prepared to entrust the recording of

my innermost thoughts on public immersion to Mr. Punch's Artist, he declined absolutely to dictate even the smallest of his drawings to me.

I mentioned George Lansbury, and indeed the sooner he is mentioned in this connection the better. At a time when people still had the leisure and the astonishing perverseness to write letters to the press urging the impropriety of giving London's bodies a chance to cool themselves in London's water, this splendid old man, then fortunately at the Office of Works, ploughed resolutely ahead with his schemes for making life a little brighter, especially for children, in the parks. Looking back over less than twenty years—this was in 1930—it all seems so simple and obvious that it's difficult to believe how much opposition blew up.

He was called a sentimentalist, and even worse. That kindest of newspapers, *The Times*, published a

leader headed "MR. LANSBURY'S DEVASTATIONS" roundly declaring that the peace and natural beauty of the Parks were being endangered "for the sake of privileged parties of individuals." Luckily Lansbury was tough as well as benevolent, and in June his Lido was opened, its cost being defrayed by an anonymous donor in memory of Captain J. O. Cooper, killed in action, to whom a tablet was put up in the new pavilion, with a verse by John Drinkwater below it. Gradually the storm died down. Having failed on public and religious grounds to prevent the outrage, the objectors now switched to the æsthetic, and the rather charming orange of the marquees flanking the pavilion was changed to a green considered less dangerously inflammatory. Very soon Londoners of all classes, creeds and shapes got into the habit of the Lido, bringing their sandwiches at lunch-time, their families in the



evening, and using it as George Lansbury in his wisdom had intended. . . .

One of the delights of near-nudity among strangers is that there is no means of telling whether it belongs to a peer or a postman, to an average-adjuster or an armature-winder. Just as you decide that the lean pink figure with the face of a starving falcon must be a leader at the Chancery bar, you discover he is a plumber from Hoxton. I was deflecting a Ministry of Works thistle from the small of my back and wondering idly if the globular man beside me could perhaps be an oboe-player from the Balkans when he raised himself suddenly on his elbow and asked, with a nice north-country burr, if I knew whether the Serpentine was a natural lake. Of course I was the very man to ask, because I had been mugging the whole thing up for you.

"Once upon a time there was a string of grubby ponds," I said, "through which a stream called the Westbourne trickled before they thought it would be more fun to take it in a pipe through Sloane Square Station. Henry the Eighth preserved heron on them, and he and his out-of-doors daughter Elizabeth used to hawk on their margins."

"I had no idea——"

"Then Queen Caroline, the wife of George Two, came along with a mania for doing things to parks, and she said 'Let's have a lovely big lake!'" George didn't mind, because he was under the impression she was going to use her own money, and it wasn't until she died that he found how wrong this impression had been. What was thought very wonderful at a time when the rectangular was tops in landscape gardening was the snaky shape, and in fact for some years map-makers made a



practice of showing it as an oblong, just in case."

"Has it been used much?"

"Well, Prinny skated on it carrying a large black muff, probably belonging to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and of course poor Harriet Shelley drowned herself here. . . ."

I sat up and looked around me. The sun for once beat down as remorselessly almost as in a novel by H. E. Bates, and between the Lido and Rennie's bridge the heat shimmered fiercely from the lake. On the bank opposite, picnickers' cars were drawn up before

the Cockpit. Beyond the scarlet buoys marking the Lido's limits family parties in braces and otherwise took their pleasures sedately in large rowing-boats, and youths sculled wildly in skiffs with sliding-seats. Off the Lido a launch

bumbled about spraying chlorine into waters moving only sluggishly from the great wells that feed them. Shoals of citizens and their young swam bravely to and fro, while the air rang with the cheerful sound of springboards drumming. But most of those present, many of them a colour to strike envy in the grizzled torsos of the Eden Roc, lay in a coma on the lawns and along the mats spread on the tarnac below. All these activities, if such they could be called, were being professionally observed by the life-saving experts of the Royal Humane Society, leaning hotly on their oars, and by two damp and quite superfluous policemen.

Far from being the eyesore the pessimists predicted, all this made up a gay and lively spectacle most warming to the heart. And the pavilion, nicely proportioned with its elegant clock tower, gave it a pleasant focus. Leaving my globular friend, now snoring with a rhythm of his own, I went along to talk with Mr. Ted Stoter, the Lido's paternal ex-Marine Superintendent, who looks like a jovial umpire in his

white coat; and found him, if I may say so, a man of whom George Lansbury must entirely have approved. He came to the Lido in its first week, and he told me that one of the chief pleasures of a job he would exchange for none is meeting the children of his first small charges. On the question of the modern child he has decided views. If you shout at him, he says, you get nowhere, but if you appeal to his humanity he is yours at once. "The other day," said Mr. Stoter, "a lad began to make a nuisance of himself. I asked him if his dad was in work. 'Yus,' says the boy. 'Right,' I said, 'so am I. D'ye want me to get the sack?' 'Corse not,' says the boy. 'Well, I will if you go on creating.' And that was the end of that."

Mr. Stoter is of the opinion, and to me it sounds good sense, that London schools could go far to solve the problem of juvenile crime if once or twice a week they sent batches of fourteen-to-fifteen-year-old boys to the parks for P.T. in its widest sense under hand-picked—very carefully hand-picked—instructors. He believes this scheme would cost very little, and I imagine the harassed teachers at present trying to cope with rebellious youth in hopelessly swollen classes would welcome it.

He said the main change in the public attitude towards the Lido is the growing importance of the sun. In the early 'thirties nobody bothered about getting brown (people were too swaddled, for one thing, and anyway they were not supposed to hang about after they had finished swimming), but now the sun drew greater crowds than the water. For both kinds of bather the open-air buffet to be opened at the Lido this summer, with chairs and tables and bright umbrellas, will be a new attraction. Are we learning a thing or two at last?

When I asked Mr. Stoter about the Dawn Brigade and their unbelievable ice-breaking excursions, he smiled gently. "They say they enjoy it," he said. "But they don't break the ice. I do." ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Kind Hearts and Coronets—Good Sam—Louisiana Story

THE third good comedy in a row from Ealing Studios is an elaborate joke, far more conscious than either of the first two; but in its own way it comes off. *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (Director: ROBERT HAMER) is in every department much more artificial than either *Passport to Pimlico* or *Whisky Galore*; most of its effectiveness depends on verbal wit and complete absence of emotion, and its faults arise from those moments when a little emotion is unwisely or unintentionally introduced. It is the Edwardian fable of a determined young man, distant in the running for a dukedom, who by a series of judicious and discriminating murders (all in the family) contrives to get it. Ideally, the film should have been as bloodlessly comic as Thurber's celebrated "Touché!" A good deal of it is told as commentary by the young man himself (DENNIS PRICE), which allows of some amusing discrepancies between what one sees happening and the way he is describing it, and also gives him a chance to philosophize neatly about (for instance) the difficulty of finding occasions of "killing people with whom one is not on friendly terms," or to regret that the decorative weapons on the walls of a mansion are "ill-adapted to the discreet requirements of twentieth-century homicide." Yes, it is the words that are most memorable here; a rare quality in a film, and not on the face of it a good one. All the same, allied to skilled acting (ALEC GUINNESS plays all eight victims, a very entertaining and in one or two instances impressive bit of virtuosity) and clever, usually efficient maintenance of the artificial mood, it makes the picture an unusual treat.

What one notices about *Good Sam* (Director: LEO MCCAREY) is the very great skill with which it is done. It is this that makes quite enjoyable and amusing a story stuffed with opportunities for sentimentality—some of which are taken, as when all problems are solved at the end as a result of the unbelievable soft-heartedness of a bank manager. This is the sort of story that Frank Capra likes, based on the idea of a profoundly kind and well-meaning man and his



The Guinness Stamp

Branches of the D'Ascayne tree portrayed by ALEC GUINNESS from Left to Right: Cousin Henry, Uncle Henry, Uncle Horatio, Uncle Ascayne, Aunt Agatha, Uncle Rufus, Uncle Ethelred, Cousin Ascayne

influence on those around him: the immediate difficulties, the long-term advantages, of deliberately doing good. It's a sentimental picture, a bit too long, but in its incidentals often very enjoyable. The amusing dialogue and the



[Good Sam]

Larger than Life

H. C. Borden—EDMUND LOWE
Lu Clayton—ANN SHERIDAN
Sam Clayton—GARY COOPER

perfect timing in the domestic scenes between GARY COOPER and ANN SHERIDAN are deeply satisfying, and several of the small-part people (note CLINTON SUNDBERG as an inconsiderate and exacting guest for breakfast) are beautifully comic.

Louisiana Story (Director: ROBERT FLAHERTY) has achieved a London showing after much published critical approval, for long ago it made a stir at Festivals and places where they vote. I won't do more than add my recommendation of this brilliantly, imaginatively made film about a boy and his hunting and fishing adventures in the swamp country of Louisiana near where a crew of men is drilling for oil. It has exciting incident and impressive music, as well as being pictorially wonderful. It has been suggested that the oil-drilling mechanism is shown for too long; but even that is worth looking at.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

I'm uncertain what will still be showing in London as you read these words, but *Louisiana Story* and *Kind Hearts and Coronets* are emphatic recommendations, and the Academy still has its excellent programme *They Live by Night* (15/6/49) and *The Window* (13/4/49).

The "North and East" suburbs have an admirable comedy, *A Letter to Three Wives* (25/5/49), and an admirable Western, *Yellow Sky* (15/6/49). Another piece not reviewed here is about in the country: *June Bride*, a comedy with a genuinely satirical theme that springs a lot of very good fun. And look out for an unpretentious little British comedy about Dublin, *Another Shore* (8/12/48): uneven, but oddly enjoyable. RICHARD MALLETT

FROM THE CHINESE

The Speck

YOU are in low spirits,
 You weary of toil;
 By the flight of crows
 And the burning of herbs
 You judge that the omens
 Concerning commerce
 Are not propitious;
 By small signs
 You are often reminded
 That you came into this world
 A long time ago,
 And must pass out of it
 Quite soon;
 The stomach reluctantly
 Performs its duties;
 The burden of the taxes
 Crushes the soul;
 The society of your fellow-men
 (With few exceptions)
 Is increasingly distasteful;
 The conversation of strangers
 Appears ill-chosen
 And unworthy of attention;
 The cheerful singing
 Of neighbours
 Is intolerable;
 The artless prattle
 Of a little child
 Is absolutely maddening.
 The Universe, in short,
 Constructed so carefully
 Through endless ages,
 Is unable to content
 Or charm you.
 Then, by chance,
 Or celestial design,
 A speck of sand,
 Hard, but prehensile,
 Enters the eye
 And lodges there
 Like an invading army.
 The size of the speck
 Is certainly enormous,
 But friends and neighbours,
 Twisting the eyelid
 Into unnatural shapes,
 Foolishly assure you
 That there is nothing to be seen.
 They pester you
 With irritating remedies.
 You are enjoined
 To pull the upper eyelid
 Over the lower,
 An odious evolution,
 Which firmly embeds
 The speck
 In the eyeball,
 And sometimes detaches
 An eyelash as well.

The eye is washed
 With herbal lotions,
 But without avail.
 You are assured
 That the speck,
 If there ever was a speck,
 Will magically
 Pass away in the night-time.
 During this time of torment,
 Do you not often think
 How wonderful,
 How beautiful,
 The world would be
 If only there were no speck
 Of sand in your eye?
 And indeed,
 When the speck has gone,
 There is more, it seems,
 To be said for the Universe.

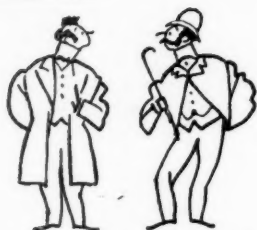
Flowers abound,
 Toil is no trouble,
 The taxes are reasonable,
 There is a new light
 In the sky of trade,
 It is pleasant to hear a neighbour
 Singing at his ablutions,
 And even the society
 Of small children
 Can be endured
 Cheerfully
 For a minute or two.
 It follows, therefore,
 As night follows the day,
 That, from time to time,
 You should stand,
 With eyes wide open,
 In a sandstorm
 For the good of the soul.

A. P. H.



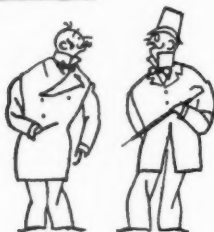
THE EVER-QUICKENING MARCH OF SCIENCE

SHOWROOMS



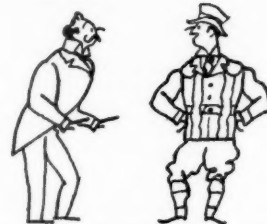
"Do you really mean to say that the tyres are pneumatic?"

SHOWROOMS



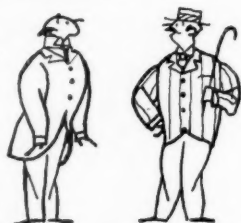
"Is it really true that one can turn on the light by merely moving a switch?"

SHOWROOMS



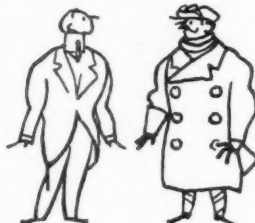
"Can one really take pictures with it merely by pressing down the little lever at the side?"

SHOWROOMS



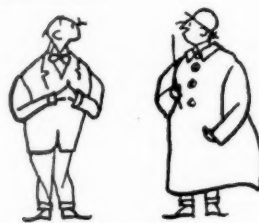
"Can one really talk to someone a long way away merely by holding the apparatus up to one's ear?"

SHOWROOMS



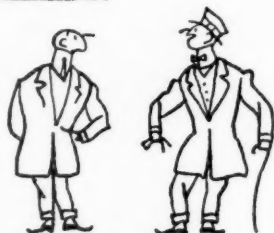
"Can it really travel along the road at sixty miles an hour?"

SHOWROOMS



"Does it really transport one to the top of the house merely by pressing a button in the wall?"

SHOWROOMS



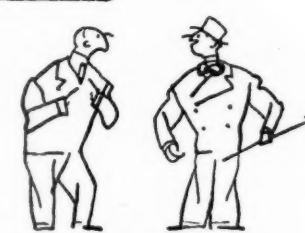
"Does it really reproduce speech and music so that you can recognize what's going on?"

SHOWROOMS



"Can it really land in two hundred yards?"

SHOWROOMS



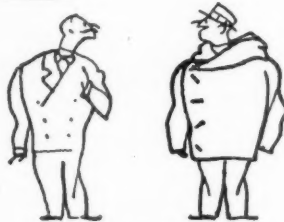
"Can it really get American stations?"

SHOWROOMS



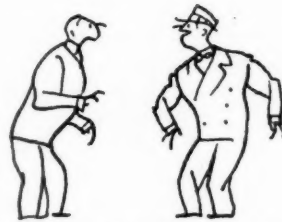
"Does it really produce your own films just like a cinema?"

SHOWROOMS



"Are the programmes from Alexandra Palace really worth looking at?"

SHOWROOMS



"Can it really peel potatoes?"

US AND THE LABOUR PROBLEM

IT'S all right in Littleplain now, but it *was* difficult.

The trouble started when they brought in that E.P.T. and the Colonel up at the Grange couldn't afford to pay old Fred his wages and turned himself and old Fred into Grange Produce Ltd. and started selling his vegetables.

Of course it wasn't long before old Fred said he'd got to have extra help, and the Colonel went and offered five shillings a week more than Mr. Stephens up at the Farm was paying young Jim on the tractor. So naturally young Jim applies for the job and what with old Fred saying a good word for him, and there being nobody else, he gets it, and that leaves Mr. Stephens in a proper mess, with the harvest coming on, so he goes and offers ten shillings a week more for a tractor driver than Mr. Brown down at the Three Thorns was paying Peter for the work he did in the bar.

Well Pete, with his four kids, he couldn't afford to say no to a ten shilling rise, so of course he applies for the job, and Mr. Stephens being that pressed he couldn't say no, that leaves Mr. Brown in a proper fix till his daughter Elsie says she doesn't mind doing a bit in the bar, and it looks as if things was settled. But no.

Because about that time Agriculture becomes of National Importance to such an extent Mr. Stephens he gets twenty new cows and a new dairy to match, and Alf couldn't manage twenty new cows and a new dairy on his own, so Mr. Stephens offers the job of dairy-hand to anyone, man or woman, who would help him out, and a good wage too.

Naturally Agriculture being all the go just then Elsie goes and takes it into her head she wants to be a land girl, so up she goes to the farm and Mr. Stephens is that run off his feet he's glad enough to get her, but that leaves Mr. Brown in the same fix he was in before. So he offers anyone that will come and do barman for him five shillings a week more than the Colonel was paying old Fred. Now old Fred is finding being manager of Grange Produce

Ltd. comes a bit hard at his age after forty years doddering along at his own pace and selling anything that was over on his own account, so down he goes and applies for the job and of course he gets it right away, and there is the Colonel with all the fruit-picking to do and dear knows how many customers by this time, and only young Jim to do for him.

So it comes to it that the Colonel offers another rise and that makes Mr. Brown go up again to keep old Fred and that pushes Mr. Stephens up or he'd have been losing Alf, and they still don't know which way to turn to get through the work till the Colonel's wife says if the Colonel'll put up with having things a bit plain she can't go digging or heaving heavy apple-boxes, but she'd be willing enough to help out any way she could with the light work up at the dairy. Then Mrs. Stephens says if she does that it would ease things for her, and she wouldn't mind going down evenings and helping out in the bar, and Mrs. Brown says she'd be glad enough of a change, and she was brought up on a market garden and if Mrs. Stephens helps out a bit in the bar she could make time to give the Colonel a bit of help with the fruit.

And you would have thought that would have settled things, but no. What with the harvest and the fruit and all the extra work at the Three Thorns from the camp being four times its usual size, there still wasn't enough hands to get through it, so Mr. Stephens and Mr. Brown and the Colonel they gets together and says there was nothing for it but more overtime.

Well, that was where the trouble got worse than ever, because the men was willing enough to do the work, but what with all the moving and all the rises that had been going on, everyone was paying P.A.Y.E. pretty heavy as it was, and it had come to it that by

working overtime they barely got more in their pay packets than by sitting at home twiddling their thumbs and not so much as by keeping a pig, and no one in his senses is going to work overtime if he don't get paid for it.

So Mr. Stephens and Mr. Brown and the Colonel they gets together about it and they says they are law-abiding citizens and they aren't going to cook their books and pay their men extra and not show it on the P.A.Y.E. cards; they'll have to take on casual labour.

And Alf and Pete and Elsie, and old Fred and young Jim gets together about it and they says they don't mind doing casual labour for anyone so long as it don't show on their P.A.Y.E. card, and so they works it out like this: Alf and Pete and Elsie down at the farm they works whole time for Mr. Stephens and pays P.A.Y.E. on that, and Alf and Pete they works overtime for the Colonel and it goes down as Casual on his books and nobody says nothing about it. And Elsie helps out in the evening in the bar, and how her father squares her for that isn't nobody's business. And old Fred he works whole time for Mr. Brown at the Three Thorns, and pays P.A.Y.E. on that, and what time he has to spare he puts in casual up at the farm and nobody asks any questions about *that*. And young Jim works whole time at



Hollowood

ALL OR NOTHING IN THE GAME

WHEN Hitchcock was summoned to appear before a special meeting of the advisory committee every member of the club knew that it would mean the end of his long and useful career in the game. The chairman, Mr. Salisbury-Dukes, had sworn in the hearing of the one-and-sixpenny paddock that Hitchcock would never again play for Copehurst if he knew it, and the influential Miss Apsley, who owns the ground and loans it to the club at a peppercorn rent, had declared that the man was a disgrace to the village.

The special meeting was held at eight-thirty on Friday evening in the visitors' dressing-room—the "home" dressing-room being occupied at the time by the groundsman, a large tin of blanco and numerous wet pads and oily bats. Hitchcock arrived punctually, nodded to the chairman and took his seat opposite the committee. The chairman spoke briefly, saying that Hitchcock would no doubt be aware why he had been asked to appear, that the committee took the gravest possible view of his shameful exhibition against Hunton Frisby on the previous Saturday and proposed to take the sternest disciplinary action, and that they were ready to listen to anything he (Hitchcock) might have to say by way of explanation and apology.

Hitchcock then asked for permission to make a rather long statement and, this being granted, withdrew a folded sheet of foolscap from his inside pocket and began to read.

"If I am asked to explain my behaviour in the Hunton Frisby match" (he said), "when, on being given out l.b.w., I smashed two stumps with my bat and then picked up the ball and hit it full-toss into the spectators, I must first remind the committee that cricket is a spectacle, and, like all spectacles, depends for its continued appeal on the number of 'incidents' it can supply. Good play is not enough. The spectators and the Press



"It's hopeless, dear—no matter how I arrange them the last slab is always too large."

the Colonel's and pays his P.A.Y.E. on that, and evenings and any time he has to spare he goes down to the farm casual, and nobody asks any questions about what he gets paid for that either.

Mrs. Stephens and the Colonel's wife and Mrs. Brown they each get a change from the house and something to spend on themselves, that goes down as casual too, so they're pleased enough, and the only thing worrying anyone is the E.P.T. which Mr. Stephens and Mr. Brown and the Colonel are all having to pay in spite of everything.

So now they've settled that too, as far as anyone can. Mr. Stephens

lets Mr. Brown and the Colonel have their milk and eggs free and that cuts down his profits quite a bit, and the Colonel lets Mr. Stephens and Mr. Brown have their fruit and vegetables free and that cuts down his profits quite a bit, and Mr. Brown he lets Mr. Stephens and the Colonel have their drinks free and that cuts down his profits considerable, because we all know Mr. Stephens and the Colonel.

So it's all right at Littleplain now, and if the Government or anyone else is in the same fix we're ready and willing to show them the way out of it, because we do know it can be difficult.

demand 'incidents' and unless they get them very soon lose interest.

"It is a sad commentary on the state of British sport that its greatest names are remembered chiefly for the number of 'incidents' they have provoked. The most illustrious name in sport is probably that of Dr. W. G. Grace, but even he is chiefly renowned for his cunning and questionable tactics. For many people Grace is merely that old man with a beard who got young batsmen out by inducing them to stare into the sun and become momentarily blind; who replaced his tumbled bails with the comment 'Windy, isn't it?', ran out a batsman who was patting the wicket, intimidated the umpires, protested that he was 'not ready' when bowled by Kortright, objected to the inconvenient proximity of a fielder at short-leg . . .

"I have just been reading through various accounts of the 1948 Test series against Australia, gentlemen, and the works of such authorities as Bill O'Reilly, Len Hutton and John Arlott leave no doubt in my mind that 'incidents' are the essence of the game. Even now, less than a year after the conclusion of the series, we remember little more than Miller's bumpers, Barnes's painful blow in the back at Manchester and Compton's unhappy 'hit-wicket' at Nottingham. We turn back to earlier days and recall only such dramatic items as 'The Kippax Incident,' the 'Bodyline' controversy and the slip-catch that didn't dismiss Bradman. It is the same with other games. We remember very little in soccer except Arsenal's disputed Cup-final goal, and very little in tennis and golf other than a few examples of poor sportsmanship and hurled rackets and clubs. Regrettable, but none the less true, gentlemen.

"Even in our own cricket at Copschurst the history of the last twenty years is largely a matter of Suggett's bad show against Himington when he knocked out the wicket-keeper with an exaggerated swing at a shooter; of Timson's scuffle with the spectators in the Skipley game of 'thirty-five, John-

son's use of resinous hair-cream in the Broughton match, and Hunter's vicious attempts to hook the square-leg umpire into an early grave. I shall not be believed, gentlemen, when I tell you that my action last Saturday was more or less pre-meditated. For some time I have been disturbed by the declining popularity of the game in Copschurst. Gates, as you all know, have steadily slumped, and the village has turned increasingly to gardening and television as Saturday afternoon relaxations. Something, I maintain, had to be done. At first I toyed with the idea of using a bat of obviously illegal dimensions, but I was unable to enlist the aid of the village carpenter. Next, I planned to play a mouth-organ in the slips with the object of upsetting the opposing batsmen, but the instrument became jammed with fluff from the bottom of my cricket-bag and

refused to emit more than a mild wheeze. Finally, I decided to glue down the bails with 'Grip' as soon as I arrived at the wicket, and by good luck managed to achieve my object undetected. It was particularly annoying, therefore, when I was hit on the pads by a straight one instead of being clean bowled. I could not leave the stumps as they were and allow a later batsman to fall under suspicion, so I did what any self-respecting cricketer would do and smashed my wicket.

"I claim that my action has already produced a tremendous upsurge of interest in cricket throughout the village, and I prophesy that next Saturday's gate will be a bumper one. And now, gentlemen, I rest my case and leave it to your tender mercy and wisdom. Long live the game of cricket!"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





Sunwear—I



Sunwear—II

THE PLEASURES OF THE COURT

ARIP VAN WINKLE, waking suddenly from the days when the Lawns of the All England Club were a flurry of long skirts and tight collars and boaters, and finding himself on the shimmering asphalt by the Centre Court fortress, would have found much in Wimbledon 1949 to impress him. In the first place, there was the weather; let him remember what he likes about the good old days, nobody is going to believe that he ever saw anything better than this golden fortnight, sometimes an affliction but surely a record. Then he would have noticed the militarily manoeuvred queues in the tea-garden, the Post Office at anchor, a sweet-stall (what's all this fuss about sweets?) whose customers were a patient line of high fashion. And, "dear me," he would have said, "the fashions!" And he wouldn't have meant only the players. Those topless sun-dresses (very few, but just enough to notice), and those great black glasses everywhere, and the things on people's heads!

This might almost be called the Wimbledon of the Sudden Hat; the year when the people on the sunny side improvised with such striking results. There was, predominantly, the Admiral's Hat, the sort that is also a newspaper boat, made to perfection (it is the kind of thing other people do

so well) and worn fore and aft with a generous overhang: perhaps the solitary cloche model noticed was a literary review. There were also the familiar knotted pirate handkerchief, the flung-over scarf, the simple brown-paper bag bent and balanced, and (a favourite) the programme, magenta, green, the day's colour making a pretty splash of bright little roofs along the rows. Even thus hatted, how so many people sat so happily in that sun is something of a wonder. How the players played in it, never looking as hot and weary as they must have been feeling, is more than wonderful.

There were other notably present-day trends apparent; not the sombre and functional office-green of wood and canvas, or the high-chair on the step-ladder where the umpire maintained his dignity, but the television apparatus in the corner, the reporter in the Press Box whispering into some contraption (no doubt a walkie-talkie); and the players themselves. It is said, often and with obvious truth, that the great figures of tennis are nowadays less brightly-tinted in personality, though probably more purely efficient. This year, however, there was Miss Moran, the be-ribboned, the be-laced, the gorgeous. Falkenburg, for being so tall and for falling down as well as for his more relevant merits as last year's champion, made a certain stir but lost his title early in the second week—Miss Moran managed to hold her job as cynosure, sticking in the women's doubles until the last afternoon, when, although surrounded by Miss

Brough and Mrs. du Pont and Mrs. Todd, it was she whom you saw and remembered. She is a charming young woman, as sleek as a cat and electrically graceful—her walk has the suppressed aliveness of a dancer's—and she makes tennis much less of a business and more of a ballet. That may be why this final did not seem nearly as close as the score by which Miss Brough and Mrs. du Pont kept their title.

Then—less glamorously, but even more as a matter of course—there was Ted Schroeder, this year's king. Besides playing the best and the toughest tennis that any amateur plays to-day, Schroeder has endeared himself by his sailor's roll of a walk—he looks altogether nautical, with his close-cut hair and that white jumper affair which is another modern fashion—and, I imagine, by saying when it was all over that he was going back to selling his refrigerators. He is a terrific fighter. The Schroeder—Drobny final, a whale of a match, might to the uninformed have gone either way until the end, but possibly the experts, and certainly the Schroeder supporters, thought that he would make it; and in the fifth set he won those four points in a row. He was fighting a large, unperturbed and brilliant player, a man of much personality and, judging from the very equally distributed applause, much





Victory

more human, though of course nowhere near ordinary life, in the way his smashes did not always smash.

Schroeder's parting shot streaked over and, to the good old Wimbledon roar, his racket sailed joyfully into the air and he had become the first champion of the year. The cameras massed from nowhere, a flag-covered table materialized; down from the Royal Box came the Duchess of Kent to present two cups to the winner, and the cameras clicked and whirled for the happiest man in the world. It was an occasion to make the next event an anti-climax, and being played on the last day but one it gave place to a mere semi-final. There was a drift towards the tea-queues, and a return to what looked at first like Gonzales and Parker winning another doubles round without any bother. But, when two sets down, Patty and Sturgess turned the game upside down by winning the next set and, by a magnificent struggle, the fourth. Everyone showed an endless capacity for playing everything; the atmosphere was as light-hearted as it was tense. Patty and Sturgess did not win, though the last set was as even as the match, but



Attrition

popularity. Drobny is one of those powerful, light-footed athletes superbly equipped for their chosen game; there was something superhuman about his fizzing service, something a little

they had played extremely attractively and the crowd loved them.

This was one of those matches which come out on paper as just another result, though obviously a close one, but which to those who took part as spectators had the quality of an occasion. Even more of an occasion was the last match of this Friday, when, on the homelier Court 1, Sturgess and Mrs. Sheila Summers beat Sidwell and Mrs. du Pont and sent the crowds to the bus-queues in the cool of the evening and mightily satisfied. The next day these players beat the unbeatable Bromwich and Miss Brough and provided, in decibels, the most acclaimed victory of the championship.



Glamour

Saturday was composed almost entirely of Miss Brough. Except for an hour off while Gonzales and Parker beat Mulloy and Schroeder in the easiest match of the day she was on stage for over five hours; and even if she had not already been a favourite with the crowd, even if she had not had a quiet, pleasant composure to round off that tremendous efficiency, this endurance feat would have made her a heroine. Her first match, the singles final, settled itself—after Mrs. du Pont had started badly and made up for it—into the ding-dong class. There have certainly been a great many of these this year, and once again the poor nerve-tattered spectators gritted their teeth; nor did victory come to Miss Brough's supporters until the third set, and the eighteenth game of it. (I do not apologize for this arrogant attitude; we round the edges work very hard and deserve our successes, if not our defeats.) Two

beautiful and well-deserved bouquets, by the way, came on to the court with these players, and watched the match from the step-ladder beneath the iced water.



Philosophy

If Miss Brough was the legitimate heroine of the last day, winning two titles between lunch and tea, it was Mrs. Summers, as I have indicated, who really had us shouting. Along with her went the redoubtable Sturgess—how utterly reliable, and how brilliant he was!—but Mrs. Summers is both literally and figuratively an extremely neat and pretty player, and it was the way she stood up to the sheer banging of both Bromwich and Miss Brough that gave the match at any rate its front-page value. By simply putting her racket in the right place winner after winner went back into play. It was another backwards-and-forwards match; the three sets totalled no less than forty-eight games, the last at 7—5 being a comparatively lightning process. The cheer at the end beat everything. It was a fine finish to a meeting which has broken attendance records, at least equalled the best Wimbledon weather in history, had a high proportion of good-humour, shown us (as if we did not know already) how many Americans play tennis how well, and given to the fashion world the Admiral's newspaper hat.

ANDE



Ordeal

VIVE NOTRE TRAMWAY!

SALUTE to MM. Doriac and Dujarric! From a box on the balustrades of the Seine I have picked up for a hundred francs their *Toasts, Allocutions et Discours Modèles pour Toutes les Circonstances de la Vie privée et publique*. Men have had statues erected for less than this. What comfort and inspiration they must have brought to hundreds of retiring folk called upon to deliver some unaccustomed Toast, Allocution or Discourse. For they are all here ready-made—*A Speech for a Lieutenant of Fire Brigade on the occasion of a Competition of Fire Engines; a Discourse for a Municipal Counsellor upon the Inauguration of a Public Fountain; a Toast for a Banquet in Honour of the Winner of a Cycle Race (or any other Sporting Event)*.

Have you hesitated about presiding at the opening of a new tramway? Accept straight away, for here is a *Speech to Inaugurate an Electric Tramway*, with a magnificent peroration for you: "I could say much more, but your thoughts are on our tramway and the tram itself is impatient to be off. So let

me set it free, and as it rumbles away, join with me in crying:

Vive notre député!

Vive notre tramway!

Vive là République!"

They must have compiled it in the early nineteen hundreds, for they offer a *Speech in Support of the Suffragettes (suitable to be spoken by one of them or by a man)*, and there are some references to the early days of flying. Doriac, I like to think, was the one with a hankering after public life. What a time he had delivering these speeches to his imaginary audiences, and how loud the applause! I am sure he was responsible for that rather sad little effort, a *Speech to decline Nomination for Parliament*, with its Barrieli-like opening: "So it is really true that you want to make me a legislator?" Dujarric on the other hand was the poet. He must have written at least the beginning of the *Speech of Welcome to an Aviatrix in the Locality where she has Landed*—"Madam, when in the radiant azure we beheld you, a thing almost imperceptible, bearing down upon us, we asked ourselves, was this not

some bird unknown to man, some celestial messenger sent, as in biblical times, from heaven to earth?" Dujarric too must have provided the *Toast to Follow a Banquet of Natives of the same Country* with its adaptable alternatives: "Was it not the cradle of our childhood, the land of sun and light (or, the land of forest and of mountain) where we drank in life among the most lovely settings nature can offer man's eyes?"

Now I am ready to take orders. I can supply toasts, allocutions or discourses according to tariff, as follows:

Discourse for a Prize Distribution of a Primary School; a Secondary School; a Girls' School; the piece, 2,000 francs.

Speech for a Reunion to Ameliorate the Lot of Women, 1,000 francs.

Election Address of a Lady Candidate at a Municipal Election, 1,000 francs.

Allocution of the President of a Gymnastic Society upon the Appointment of a New General, 500 francs.

Allocution of an Old Inhabitant to a Fellow-Citizen who has just been appointed Village Policeman, 50 francs.

I am not, however, disposing of the *Discourse on the Occasion of the Prize Distribution at a Horticultural Exhibition* until after I have opened our own Allotment Show.

Have I seemed to poke fun at MM. Doriac and Dujarric? I hope not, for their five hundred pages are a gold mine of sincerity. Gentlemen and dear colleagues, you have deserved well of all those who are called upon to inform, amuse or inspire their fellows.

Vive Doriac-Dujarric!

Vive le Métro!

Vive Churchill!

5 5

Contributor's Complaint

THE "ones" affixed to H. I. J.,
The "mith" to Q. R. S.
Give the established bard away:
The major Muse confess.

Fair Mr. Punch, is this enough?

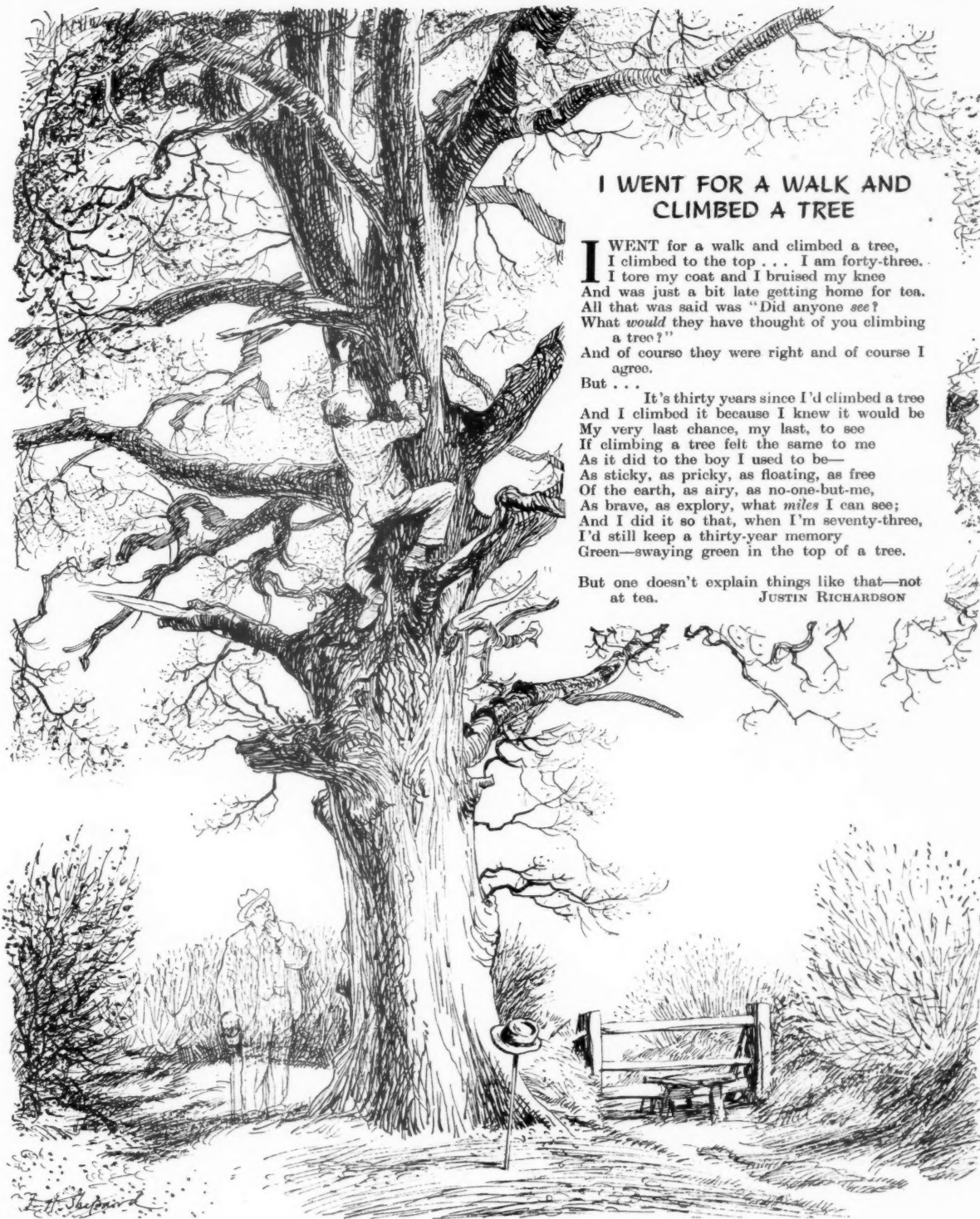
No! Pens of lesser rank

That write the uninitialled stuff

Now claim a bigger blank.



"He'll be glad to get it off. He hasn't bitten a soul for over a week."



I WENT FOR A WALK AND CLIMBED A TREE

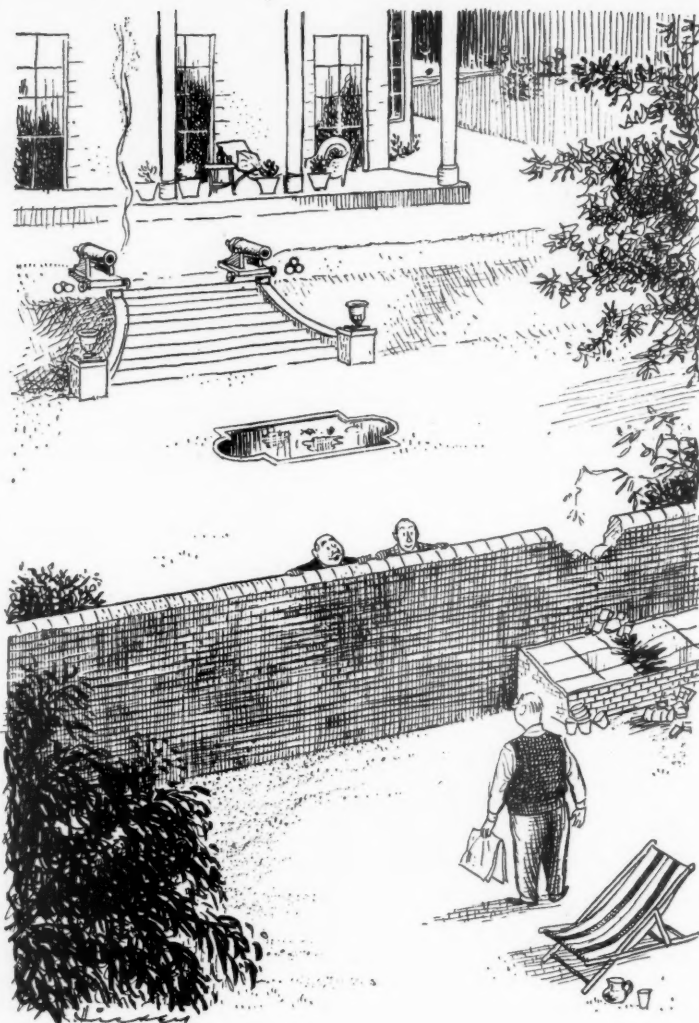
I WENT for a walk and climbed a tree, I climbed to the top . . . I am forty-three. I tore my coat and I bruised my knee And was just a bit late getting home for tea. All that was said was "Did anyone see? What *would* they have thought of you climbing a tree?"

And of course they were right and of course I agree.

But . . .

It's thirty years since I'd climbed a tree And I climbed it because I knew it would be My very last chance, my last, to see If climbing a tree felt the same to me As it did to the boy I used to be— As sticky, as prickly, as floating, as free Of the earth, as airy, as no-one-but-me, As brave, as exploratory, what *miles* I can see; And I did it so that, when I'm seventy-three, I'd still keep a thirty-year memory Green—swaying green in the top of a tree.

But one doesn't explain things like that—not at tea. JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"May we have our cannon-ball, please?"

DOWN, JOYEUX -- DOWN!

THE speaker who recently suggested that what we need now is a Country Code, "rather on the lines of the Highway Code but more amusing," is put in his place by a Merrie Board announcement that it has been working on this for months and has one ready. Its P.R.O. acidly points out, off the record, that the Board does not understand what was meant by the "more amusing" crack; there is nothing amusing about Codes. This

one, he tells me—to wipe any silly smile off my face—is to go for final approval before a Merrie and Industrial (Scheduled Areas) Joint Advisory Committee.

What I am doing now is not so much smiling as apprehensively sniggering. For once—thanks to the co-operation of an intelligent secretary who dislikes the fellow as much as I do—I have got the wrong hand-out. Instead of the usual piece which has gone to the rest of the

Press, written by the P.R.O.'s retarded daughter under some such heading as "Footing it Featly o'er Mount and Moor," what I have received is a copy of the draft Code itself.

It makes fascinating reading, and I am getting through it hurriedly before the men in green come thundering at the door. A note at the top, in violet ink, says: "The Minister intends this Code for home visitors and not, repeat NOT, for dollar-spenders from overseas." The spending of dollars, understandably enough, is a Code unto itself.

The Country Code, then, as the title page tells us, is "issued by the Minister of Jinks and Capers for the guidance and safety of Industrial visitors to scheduled Merrie Areas," and there is an appendix which includes recognition-charts of animals still likely to be encountered there. As well as the fairly familiar cow, horse, sheep and country novelist's Persian cat there are such unexpected exotics as gloomy police dogs and Chesapeake Bay retrievers; these, one gathers, are likely to belong to dollar-spenders and should be restricted and annoyed as little as may be. They are not to be confused with the official Warden Dogs—home-grown beasts which accompany Merrie Wardens on patrol and are trained to track down and detain nuisances and suspicious characters without (as far as possible) biting them.

This Merrie Warden service is so important an innovation that I must quote the sections dealing with it:

FRIENDS IN GREEN.—Look upon the Merrie Wardens as your *friends*. They are there to see that you enjoy your visit, and that you do nothing to prevent other people from enjoying theirs. You will recognize them by their green doublets and their longbows and halberds, which are normally to be regarded more as colourful emblems of office than as weapons. The manpower shortage makes it impossible at present to achieve the Board's aim of having at least one Warden always in sight. To overcome this difficulty, all Wardens in remote areas will be equipped with hunting-horns which

they will blow at intervals of three minutes. *If in doubt or difficulty, listen for a horn and make towards it.* You will soon meet the Warden or his patrol dog.

SWIMMING AND DRINKING.—Until the broadcasting helicopter service is established it will be the duty of Wardens to give detailed instructions about

- (a) Streams, springs, wells, etc., from which drinking is permitted, and
- (b) Rivers, pools, tarns, etc., which have been prepared for swimming.

It is an offence under the Merrie Areas (Establishment and Maintenance) Act to use unauthorized waters for either purpose.

UNCO-OPERATIVE PEASANTRY.—Complaints are sometimes made that peasants do not do all in their power to make Industrial visitors welcome. There have been extreme cases, mostly in lonely hill areas, where farmers and cottagers are said to have shouted unco-operative remarks from barns and farmhouse windows, and even to have rolled boulders and other obstructions in the path of ascending parties. *You are required, in your own interest, to report such conduct immediately to the nearest Warden.*

GENERAL HINTS

If challenged by a Merrie Warden, *stop at once.*

Do not peel pieces of half-timbering from the walls of Merrie Inns. It is an offence.

If a peasant passes you with a cheery greeting, as he is instructed to do, do not jeer at his quaint accent or stare at his smock. Answer him in the same spirit. If a peasant passes you without a cheery greeting, report him.

Do not light fires on or near art haystacks. A few of these, in agricultural belts, will be real ones and highly inflammable. The same applies to fields of wheat, barley, etc.

If you are approached by a Warden Patrol dog, *stand perfectly still.* You should then be quite safe.

MIDSUMMER

INDEFINITE as dawn,
yet spreading, as
dawn spreads—
nay, with her very shadow comes
the rumour:

"This is midsummer."

* * * * *

Is there some special quality
in the light
that warns bird, flower, beast?
Heedless—they seem all heedless:
but some slight
awareness surely touches them?

At least
this is not fancy:
the birds' migratory flight
cannot be chartless—
must depend on Time
and season:
now both are balanced;
the sun to-morrow will climb
not quite so high—
by—say—the difference
to the keenest-feeling sense
between the petals of the water lily
closing for night
or opening for day.

* * * * *

Oh, all such summer's still to come.
The hay
is first cut in the South alone—
the drum,
the myriad insect-hum
under the heat-haze
has not begun to play.

* * * * *

But Midsomer Norton,
Knapton, and Trunch,
Fridaythorpe, Britwell Salome,

Clunch,
Green Hammerton,
Ebernoe—
North, East, South, West
all over the map's
coloured palimpsest—
hamlet, market-town,
river and lane,
Westmorland valley,
Wiltshire plain
Know that now
is the turn of the wheel.

* * * * *

That is the shudder
the grasses feel,
touched by the chill little wind
before dawn.

* * * * *

But the big-mouthed poppies,
the lazy poppies,
the sensuous poppies,
waking, yawn
and are content.
They sway on their feet
with somnolence
among the wheat,
spring-sown,
autumn-sown—
the idle poppies
have not known
the long struggle underground
which makes the wheel go round.

* * * * *

They take their ease
in scarlet silk,
and keep
against far winter
the terrible secret of sleep.

R. C. SCRIVEN



Monday, June 27th

No player (seeded or other) on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, no participant in the England *v.* New Zealand Test Match at Lord's could have worn a more determined expression than those affected by their Lordships and the Great Elected as they assembled for business to-day. Every man, every woman, wore the look of conscious virtue that goes with the knowledge that, on a grand June day, one is doing one's duty and going about the nation's business.

It was not a wildly exciting Question-time, and even a statement that there could be no extra petrol for the holidays aroused no stir, for it lacked the qualities of unexpectedness and novelty. Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, of the Foreign Office, mentioned that the air-lift into Berlin had cost the British taxpayer £8,600,000, and people just looked bored. Mr. CHARLES KEY, the Works Minister, asked for the loan of works of art to adorn our Embassies abroad, and people yawned. Even when Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the highly-combustible Minister of Health, rose, there was no enthusiasm.

He announced that the Local Government Boundary Commission was to be wound up, apparently on the ground that it was (as they say in the factories) "redundant." To everybody's mild astonishment, nobody started a row, and in no time at all the House moved on to a further consideration of the Finance Bill.

The mellowing influence of June sunshine survived even this test, and Members talked about the Government's "Rake's Progress" and cognate matters without so much as raising their voices. Mr. WILL GLENNIV HALL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, nodded affably; Mr. "RAB" BUTLER, from the Opposition Front Bench, nodded at least as affably, and, when the time came, the Whips tactfully ushered their respective flocks in friendly droves into the correct voting-lobbies, where (without a

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

single rebel) the Government won.

In fact, the whole thing had such a sporting atmosphere that there was something singularly appropriate in a discussion on cricketers' and (somewhat less seasonably) footballers' "benefits." It appeared, from the case put by the critics, that cricketers get their benefit-money free of tax, while footballers do not. But Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS said it was all a mistake. What the House of Lords, in its judicial capacity, had decided was that *some* cricketers



Impressions of Parliamentarians

88. Field-Marshal Lord Wavell

need not pay tax on their benefit-money—which logically implied that others must. And that being so, said the logical Chancellor, it followed that the generality of footballers must pay, too.

Their Lordships were talking about free legal advice for those with grievances. Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, who always gives the impression that if only he could be Counsel for both sides every law case would be settled amicably out of court, so soothing is his voice and style, presented the proposal. It was that, with certain exceptions like libel and slander actions, going to law was to be made cheaper—or even virtually free—for those who could ill afford the luxury at full prices.

With one of those grave little twinkles that always charm the House, the Lord Chancellor expressed the hope that there would not be too great a rush on these "free legal spectacles"—a neat dig at his colleague, the Minister of Health.

When there were cries of "Author!" Lord JOWITT generously made way for Lord SIMON to share the curtain-calls, as part-author, and the Bill got its Second Reading immediately.

Tuesday, June 28th

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, having tactfully obtained "leave of absence" from the Opposition, made a brief appearance in the House of Commons and

House of Lords:
Steel
House of Commons:
Sir Stafford Speaks
and Goes

then flew off to Paris for important talks about the economic situation with European Finance Ministers. But, before he went, he announced a new trade agreement with the Argentine Government, involving meat (for us), petrol and other things (for them) and—according to reports from across the Atlantic—a headache (for Uncle Sam). It seems that it involves bilateral trade, which is unpopular—nearly as unpopular with the economic purists as Sir STAFFORD's mention of the "multilateralization" of trade was with the etymological purists.

Mrs. BESSIE BRADDICK, having lost her High Court libel action (and subsequent appeal) against a newspaper for saying that she had "danced a jig"—way back in cooler days, months and months ago—on the floor of the House, rose and thanked all who had helped her in the case, apologized for any inconvenience caused, and explained that she had gone to the Courts in defence of the dignity of Parliament and its good name, which she prized. As tradition demanded, the statement was heard in silence.

Then the House passed once more on to the Finance Bill, and to the consideration of new clauses—none of which was (as they say) "added to the Bill," and this in spite of the fact that the House sat lethargically until after six in the morning.



"I don't think I'll invite the Borgias—they might feel they have to ask us back."

As for their Lordships, before they went home about eleven at night, they blandly passed an amendment to the Iron and Steel Bill, in face of a statement by Lord PAKENHAM, for the Government, that it "would wreck the Bill." Nobody (including Lord P.) seemed perturbed about it.

Wednesday, June 29th

Although most Members seemed to be more interested in the fat report of the Royal Commission on the Press, issued this afternoon, there was some quite exciting business afoot. In the Lords, the Government was defeated when it resisted a proposal that the operation of the Iron and Steel Bill should be put off until after the next general election.

Lord SALISBURY argued that the electors ought to have a chance for "second thoughts" on nationalizing iron and steel—if only because some

of them, in 1945, had thought nationalization of anything was a cure for all our ills, and thought so no longer.

Lord SAMUEL supported him, but Lord HALL, for the Government, declared that the people's mandate had been given, and hinted that the Parliament Act procedure to force the Bill through, whether the Lords liked it or not, would be used. Lord ADDISON reinforced this with a solemn declaration that the Government would not permit the non-elected House to reject a measure already passed by the elected Chamber, and a warning that such a step would be "unwise."

Over in the Commons, a happy time was being had by all, for Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL was in charge of Ministry of Food questions, and the House can always expect some good-tempered and witty "cracks" when "The Doc." is in action—finding it a welcome change from the acidulated dogmatism of her chief, Mr. STRACHEY. But she spoke,

perhaps, with less conscious humour than usual when she said that "Since the Labour Government has been in power, conditions in abattoirs have greatly improved."

Thursday, June 30th

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, Minister of Labour, asked by Mr. EDEN to make a statement about the threat of the railway workers to "go slow" if

their pay claims are not granted, made a moving appeal to his "fellow workers" not to embarrass the nation in its present difficulties.

The tone of other Ministerial statements made it plain that these difficulties are not small, and Mr. MORRISON hinted at some more disturbing information from the Chancellor next week.

Mr. EDEN asked for a debate on the Press Commission's report, was told that the Government could not spare the time, and offered some of the *Opposition's* time instead.

House of Lords:
Steel (Contd.)
House of Commons:
Edith's Day

House of Commons:
Premonitory
Rumblings

THE TASTE OF PRINCES

Art from Munich and Vienna

ARTISTS have never been so highly valued as they were by the rulers of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their prestige was due to the great forward movement in art that accompanied the Italian Renaissance. The race of Italian giants, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Veronese, Tintoretto, Titian, gave painting a regal quality. The artist himself was a sort of royal personage, the ornament of any court, tempted from one to another by lavish offers. Competitive in culture as in other matters, the princes vied with each other in acquiring the works of the masters, which constituted a diplomatic currency. The gift of a masterpiece clinched a political deal and fastened the bonds of alliance—as the connection between Charles IX of France and the Archduke Ferdinand, Regent of the Tyrol, is marked by the famous salt-cellar designed by Benvenuto Cellini.

Aloof on their imperial heights, obsessed with the extraordinary puzzle presented by their overgrown dominions, Charles V and Philip II found time to appreciate and collect the works of Tintoretto and Titian. One may, indeed, appropriately set the masters against a background of empire. Looming behind them, sprawling from north to south, theirs (in an æsthetic sense) to command, were the lands of the Habsburgs. Patronage was a family affair at the highest level and of the widest distribution. In Spain, in Italy, in the Netherlands, in Austria and Germany there were palaces, castles, administrative headquarters, to be decorated and filled with objects of art. It was a period when no artist need starve, and the problem of the master was to find time to execute the number of commissions which awaited him. Its genius and its taste is beautifully represented in the historic collections of Munich and Vienna—formed by the Houses of Habsburg and Wittelsbach—and now, by the concerted efforts of the Bavarian and Austrian authorities and the Arts Council, to be sampled at the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery in London.

The taste of the Teutonic prince took some time to form. He was occupied first with suitable furniture or "chattels"; with arms and armour; with natural freaks, historical odds and ends and mere fantasies. The collection of Emperor Rudolph II in his palace in Prague included the "jawbone of a sea nymph" and the "horn of a unicorn." Yet this was at the beginning of the seventeenth century and the new respect for painting had spread north of the Alps. Rudolph was the admirer of Dürer and Bruegel the elder, and he paid his due to the greatness of Italy in acquiring "The Rape of Ganymede" and "Jupiter and Io," so full of the melting grace of Correggio.

The "Old Masters," it may be necessary to recall, were, in this period, recent or contemporary masters. A prince, with rare exceptions, did not venture far into the past, for that way there seemed to be only the darkness of barbarism. It was as a modern portent, of progress in civilization, that he bought the work of the Italians, and in the hope of securing more such portents that he encouraged artists on their home ground—as, for instance, Duke Wilhelm IV of Bavaria in his patronage of Altdorfer. The collector of the seventeenth century bought the works of the sixteenth, much as the collector of to-day might buy the work of the Impressionists.

The consummate skill of the "Old Master" may be partly (though far from entirely) explained by the demands made on him, the tremendous industry to which he was incited. Again and again he had to cover some large area with painted objects of every kind—crowds, still-life, landscape, animals, angels, and even all together, within the space of a single composition. Confronted with problems of decoration, to which, always, some idea of grandeur or spaciousness was attached, he was almost compelled to rise to the top of his form and to achieve that

"complication of powers and variety of ideas" which Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded as the mark of the classic. The prodigious fertility of Rubens was obviously quickened in this way. Seen in all its Titanism in the collections of Munich and Vienna, it may provoke sad comments on the limitations of the modern artist, who so seldom composes (or has the opportunity to compose) on a like scale. Yet the "old master," with his almost factory conditions of production, could at times be mechanical and monotonous, just as the modern, restricted in scope, can, in recompense, appeal more directly to the emotions.

In varying degrees the growth of the great European collections conforms to a pattern. The personal taste of the prince at last is replaced by the professional attention of the curator. The definition of Old Master is widened, the once despised and neglected "primitives" are allowed among their number, and artists are added at the end of the list, like Goya (who died in 1828). The collections of Munich and Vienna have passed, like others, through these phases, but they do not give the "re-edited" impression of the National Gallery's own collection. The flavour of two remarkable centuries is strong. The taste of Habsburg and Wittelsbach is a definite ingredient, and you can easily feel yourself to be in the palace of an emperor or the castle of an archduke—among the works which reflected in their chiaroscuro the sombreness of majesty and the riches of state.

WILLIAM GAUNT

£ £

Humorous Art

AN Exhibition of Humorous Art, sponsored by the Royal Society of Arts, is to be opened by Princess Elizabeth on Monday, July 11th. The Exhibition, which will be on view until the end of July, is being held at the Society's house in John Adam Street, Adelphi.

AT THE PLAY

Cornelia Otis Skinner (ST. JAMES'S)—*The Comedy of Errors* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (OPEN AIR THEATRE, REGENT'S PARK)

ALTHOUGH Miss CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER is a gracious and polished performer in the single-handed class, with the power to suggest character deftly and economically, her art appears to have distinct emotional limitations. She has a nice sense of satire and, given the right material, can be extremely amusing, but when she turns to a serious subject she leaves us unwrung, watchers outside the tragedy who remain unmoved. She holds us by technical skill, by variations of a beautifully flexible voice, but her appeal is to the head and not the heart. There is great accomplishment and intelligence; what is missing is the magic that peoples an empty stage and fires the imagination. It is possible to be admirably dramatic, as she is when showing us

strikes universally. Both the monologue (all her material is her own) and her handling of it have at the back of them a maliciously acute observation that reminds one of our own Miss Grenfell. The sketch of a rich American woman directing her swollen packing in Paris is also neat, but in this Miss OTIS SKINNER leans too heavily on literal dog-French, a joke that wears thin very quickly. The street-scene in New York, showing the kind of people to be met at theatre-time, is a mixed bag, the Americans being much clearer than the upstage Englishwoman, whose accent veers from Leicestershire to Bow.

Costume plays a considerable part in the second half of the programme, which is devoted to the six wives of Henry the Eighth. It makes a pleasant history lesson that goes on, as Henry did, a little too long.

HAVING now equipped himself with a fine indoor set, Mr. ROBERT ATKINS has run into a spell of weather which puts him in the position of a man crossing the Sahara with a splendid new umbrella. His leafy stage is at its loveliest backed by an almost Mediterranean sky, and as the lights eat slowly into the dusk the illusion that we are anywhere but in Regent's Park is complete. In fact we were in Ephesus and

Italy, for Mr. ATKINS had cunningly compressed *The Comedy of Errors* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* into a single heartening evening. Neither is great Shakespeare, but the plays go well in harness and were acted with a liveliness and decision that brought out their best. The plot of the first is preposterous enough to be amusing, and Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON



[Cornelia Otis Skinner]

One's Company

MISS CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER as
Anne Boleyn



[Two Gentlemen of Verona]

—To Say Nothing of the Dog

Launce—MR. TOKE TOWNLEY; Crab, his dog—
HIMSELF; Proteus—MR. AUBREY WOODS

the last moments of Anne Boleyn, without getting much below the surface; and even here I found myself conscious of an actress giving a clever impression rather than of a pathetic woman going to a violent death.

She is at her best in the American scenes, and her sketch of a mother baffled by her son's homework

and Mr. WILLIAM HUTCHISON as *Antipholus Ma. and Mi.* and Mr. TOKE TOWNLEY and Mr. SYDNEY BROMLEY as their interchangeable servants carried it with zest, while Miss OLIVE GREGG and Miss PATRICIA KNEALE charmed us as the ladies. In the second, the more interesting of the two, Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL's *Valentine* was notably good and Mr. AUBREY WOODS made the villainy of *Proteus* convincing and yet persuaded us that his sudden reversion to honesty was genuine. No mean feat. Miss KNEALE's *Silvia* and Miss FELICITY BARRINGTON's *Julia* were sound, Mr. TOWNLEY drew full value from the low comedy of *Launce*, and the terrier which played *Crab* behaved far more professionally than yours would have done. Or mine.

ERIC KEOWN

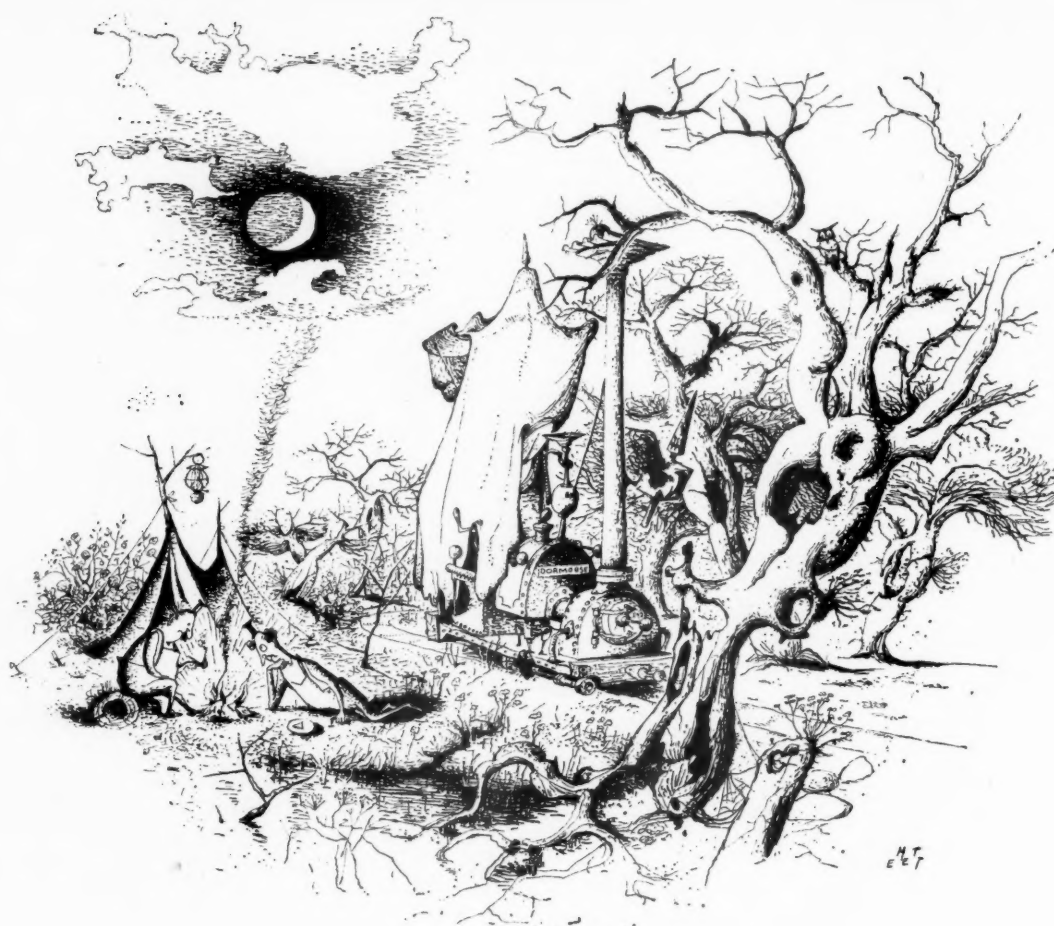
Recommended

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

LOVE IN ALBANIA—*Lyric*, *Hammer-smith*—Linklater's lively satire.

THE MALE ANIMAL—*New*—Riotous Thurber.



"You know, Fred, I rather enjoy the lodging turn."

THE UMPIRE

A NONPER was ther with us, soth to telle,
That hadde stonden ofte at Stokkewelle;
At Trafford al-so had he be, and Lordes.
Ther nas no man might snybben at his wordes:
Ful faste was his jugement and his dome.
Whenas a battere was to crese y-come,
"Two leg," he wolde seye, or "Middel stompe";
Solempne was he as the laste trompe.
He rekned wel his stones, and "Over" cryde,
And spredde his hondes if the bal were wide;
Ther nas no rule that nas to him unknowe;
Above the stompes bent he lyk a bowe
To see ech snikke right as it bifel;
A no-bal coude he spotte, and marken wel

A leg bi-fore, withouten fere or doute,
And with a fingre wolde he shoven Oute.
By houres at the stompes wolde he stonde
And shadwe wel his eyen with his honde
If that the sonne up-on the feld was bright;
He coude juge wel of dark and light,
Or if they might nat playen for the raine,
For al was in his dome and his domaine.
He was a verray king, I undertake.
His trowsern and his botes weren blake,
But over al he had a whyte cote
Therin were pebles that he took by rote
To tellen everich over, bal by balle;
Lude they rattled as he rood with-alle.
A gentil wight he was, withouten blame;
He song up-on ure weye: I noot his name.

BOOKING OFFICE

Mr. Churchill's Second Volume

THAT we should have had, when we most needed him, one of the few men in all history big enough to deal with the nightmare of 1940 is scarcely a greater miracle than that he should be able to describe it for us in a manner matching the sweep and moment of the struggle. The second volume of Mr. Churchill's war memoirs, *Their Finest Hour*, covers an epic period and is an epic work. It opens with his accession to power in May 1940, and closes with Lord Wavell's rout of the Italians in the desert at the end of the year.

Throughout the book, both in his own comments and in the urgent letters which he wrote, as "Former Naval Person," to President Roosevelt, is the warmest recognition of the generosity of the Americans, whose material help came quickly in the darkest part of the crisis; but, anxious that the magnitude of the British effort shall never be forgotten, Mr. Churchill begins with some memorable statistics. These show that up to July 1944 Britain and her Empire had a larger number of divisions than the United States in contact with the enemy; that our total losses in men were greater; that out of 866 German and Italian U-boats destroyed in the European theatre we accounted for 594 besides disposing of the German battleships, cruisers and destroyers, and sinking or capturing the whole Italian fleet; that not until the spring of 1944 were the Americans dropping more bombs on Germany than we were; and that our losses in merchant tonnage (much of it supplied, of course, by America) were over three times as large.

Mr. Churchill's record of his efforts to encourage the French to fight on adds many significant touches to the tragic story of their eclipse. Even on the first of his five visits he found complete dejection. Gamelin having described the break-through of the German armour, Mr. Churchill asked about the strategic reserve and was appalled to be told that none existed. The French, as they continued to do, begged for more fighters, and Mr. Churchill agreed to send six additional squadrons, General Ismay telephoning in Hindustani for Cabinet sanction. It was a fearful decision, for it cut our home Air Force to the twenty-five fighter squadrons Air Chief Marshal Dowding (whose generalship was "an example of genius") thought essential for defence. Nothing could better illustrate the lamentable French confusion than the extraordinary picture of Mr. Churchill's fourth visit, when he discovered the French leaders struggling against chaos from a château with one telephone in the lavatory. But his grief over the agony of France remained uppermost. Looking back, the position of Lord Gort, left for four days without orders from the French, seems intolerable. For his courage in abandoning the Weygand plan on his own initiative and for his conduct of Dunkirk Mr. Churchill has high praise, as he has also for the demeanour, in the difficult days of Oran and Dakar, of General de Gaulle.

So much that will be English history is told for the first time in this book that in a short review one can

only convey a very little of its wonderfully dramatic quality. There was the scene in the operations-room of II Group on the peak day of the Battle of Britain when, the board still cluttered with German bombers, Air Vice-Marshal Park told Mr. Churchill, watching grimly, that he had no more fighters in reserve. There was the period in December when the graph of U-boat sinkings mounted so gravely that a plan was provisionally approved to lay a carpet of underwater mines through the Western Approaches sixty miles long and three miles broad—a vast and desperate project. There was the heroic decision in that black August to send the armoured brigade to the Middle East. And, characteristic of a sense of language that rose to all occasions, comes his summing-up of feeling at the time of Dunkirk: "There was a white glow, overpowering, sublime, which ran through our Island from end to end."

How greatly this glow was of his making some have already forgotten. One gets the impression from this book that his day must have contained at least forty-eight hours. The minutes and messages interspersed in his account (and also filling an appendix) are a revelation of astonishing mental and physical activity which left cool judgment unblurred and humour and humanity triumphant. To a formidable grasp of the accepted technique of war was married an imagination that fortunately welcomed the unconventional. No issue of strategy was too large, no detail of public welfare too small to be tirelessly explored. The cautious elements in Whitehall had to be constantly prodded: "Any chortling by officials who have been slothful in pushing this bomb [the sticky anti-tank variety] over the fact that at present it has not succeeded will be viewed with great disfavour by me." The backroom boys, whose abstractions were interpreted by Professor Lindemann, needed and received the utmost encouragement, sometimes in the face of Service reaction. What about the tank-landing craft and concrete caissons he had first suggested in 1917? Were the Anderson shelters being properly drained? Surely we could run to a new flag for the Admiralty?

But what comes through most sharply from these durable and momentous pages is Mr. Churchill's innate sympathy with the ordinary man. He understood us emotionally, from the heart, and perhaps that was the biggest thing of all.

ERIC KEOWN

The Inconstant Ben

Mr. Harold Nicolson is the right biographer for *Benjamin Constant*. This account of his tragi-comic career is learned, entertaining and sympathetic; it could not be better done. Mr. Nicolson certainly says everything for Constant that one could say, emphasizing the pity that chained him to women he no longer loved and the courageous consistency with which he worked for his belief in constitutional liberty. All the same, Constant was a rapacious neurotic, an emotional gambler who ruined women and Causes and filled

Europe with lamentations over his hard fate. The detachment with which he wrote about himself in "Le Cahier Rouge" and, indirectly, in "Adolphe" make him more attractive as a writer than as a man; his little masterpieces and enlightened pamphleteering do not overshadow his febrile caddishness as a lover and his ineffectual slimness as a politician. Mr. Nicolson paints a lurid picture of the awesome Madame de Staël and makes a convincing defence of Constant's treatment of her; but if in his most celebrated liaison he endured more suffering than he inflicted, he was merely being repaid some of the misery he had brought on the other characters in the sentimental novel which he lived as a substitute for a life.

R. G. G. P.

Low

One of David Low's cartoons of midsummer, 1943, called the "Resurrection of Colonel Blimp," shows an army of ardent reactionaries parading before a tombstone inscribed "Here lies Colonel Blimp, buried alive in a sugary grave by the kindest and most super-patriotic of cartoonists." No one at all familiar with the works of Low can doubt that the disinterment delighted him professionally at least as much as it depressed him politically, for Low's great skill is only developed to the full when he is engaged in an all-out offensive. On the defensive, he becomes comparatively

joyless, even, at times, insipid. *Years of Wrath*, a handsome collection of some three hundred cartoons, reveals Low in his mood of "super-patriotism," ridiculing the tyrants, deflating totalitarian bombast and glorifying the rôle of the common man in the struggle against the megalomaniac plague of 1932-45. This is Low at his very best—whether he is employing his inimitable brand of satire and invective, or indulging his less exceptional skill in powerful heroics. The satire is always home-made and insular, immediately comprehensible and razor-keen. Even the earliest of these cartoons retain a large measure of their immediacy and rich drama, though most of their actors have passed for ever from the stage. This, surely, is the supreme testimony to Low's genius.

A. B. H.

Peony and David

To stage a romance a hundred years ago in a strange country, and base your appeal on character rather than episode, is, for any novelist, a formidable risk. It has proved too much for Miss Pearl Buck's new novel, which has about as much plot as "Pamela" without a vestige of "Pamela's" inimitable raciness. Its heroine, *The Bondmaid* of a rich Sino-Jewish household, loses her heart to the "Young Master" with whom she has been brought up. But with invincible virtue, if dubious altruism, she confines her influence to thwarting his marriage with a strong-minded young Jewess and directing his affections towards an unimpeachably imbecile Chinese beauty. Miss Buck has obviously enjoyed manoeuvring Peony, the little pawn who so effectively checks her David's regal mother, Madame Ezra, and so efficiently takes over the household reins when "Precious Orchid," David's young wife, bungles her immature sovereignty. The move that finally withdraws the favoured piece into a position as unassailable as that of her rival is particularly ingenious. But when the game is over, and the mating and slaying are finished, one remembers the book best for such curious fusions of Sino-Jewish custom as a Passover eaten with chopsticks.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Second World War, Vol. II: Their Finest Hour.* Winston S. Churchill. (Cassell, 25/-)
Benjamin Constant. Harold Nicolson. (Constable, 18/-)
Years of Wrath, a Cartoon History. David Low. (Gollancz, 25/-)
The Bondmaid. Pearl S. Buck. (Methuen, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Miners.* R. Page Arnot. (Allen and Unwin, 21/-) Big, handsomely-printed, well-illustrated "history of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, 1889-1910": the record of the long struggle towards a single union. Serious, but enlivened with biographical detail. Statistical appendices.
Don't Catch Me. Richard Powell. (Hodder and Stoughton, 8/6) Humorous American thriller (gay husband-and-wife stuff); sentimental and melodramatic in the high spots, but entertaining—like a good "B" film.
Say Please. Virginia Graham. (Harvill Press, 7/6). A burlesque book of "Etiquette for Ladies," in all the social occasions with which they may have to deal: Country Visits, Dances, Queues, and so on. Six compendious drawings by Osbert Lancaster.



"Something worth looking at here, chief—a false bottom to the false bottom of a false bottom."

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XVIII

A FEW weeks ago, while examining the possibilities of making a radio play out of a combination of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, I was suddenly struck by an idea of an entirely different kind. It was rather a relief to me, I must confess. I had been reading alternate passages from both works with a growing feeling of hopelessness which at last turned to despair. The difficulties were of course enormous. Tom Brown is persuaded by Arthur to give up using cribs. De Quincey takes so much opium between 1804 and 1812 that he "might well have bathed and swum in it." Tom Brown is tossed in a blanket. Through De Quincey's dreams resounds the chattering of cockatoos. My brain reeled as I pictured Arthur forcing opium on Tom Brown and De Quincey hurtling towards the dormitory ceiling. "I had done a deed," wrote the opium-eater, "which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at." And from *Tom Brown*: "Meantime, Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tucked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket." I think it was the reference to "great brown elbows" that at last brought home to me the full difficulty of my undertaking. I could not help feeling that in the world of the English Opium-Eater, a world of crocodiles and Malays, Political Economy and decanters of laudanum, great brown elbows would be pitifully out of place. As I was sitting, miserably vexed at my failure and pettishly shuffling in my mind the dominant traits in the characters of William Wordsworth and Flashman, the bully of the Fifth, I was suddenly struck by the thought: "What happens when a brilliant and accomplished adventuress turns deep-sea diver?"

The radio dramatist, who is expected to produce work after work in quick succession, cannot afford to ignore the faintest stirrings of his imagination, even though they appear likely to lead nowhere. I

pondered over my idea for a few minutes and finally wrote on a piece of paper, "Agnes Treeby, an adventuress. Ralph Rolf, a psychiatrist." My readers may ask, "Why a psychiatrist?" Well, although few can know less than I of the hopes and ambitions of a brilliant adventuress, I should be very much surprised to hear that they had enticed her below the surface of the sea. We must invent a reason for her action. Since the average adventuress is not easily intimidated we may safely assume that she has not donned the helmet against her will. It can hardly be her own idea: her place is in some gondola or other, flashing her eyes provocatively through her mask, not prowling about the sea bottom in huge leaden boots. Someone has advised her to do it, someone in whom she trusts. When I say that it is not her doctor, I am not of course thinking of the high cost of such a treatment, since helmet and boots would nowadays be provided free, but of its unusual nature. We are left with a psychiatrist.

I decided that Agnes Treeby should meet Rolf at a psychiatrists' outing and determine to attempt his conquest. She manages her advances with consummate adroitness, flinging copies of Freud's works through his bedroom window and giving him a list of her inhibitions with a pretty pretence of girlish confusion, but Rolf treats her with indifference. In desperation she determines to consult him professionally. Now for the first time I put pen to paper in the construction of a few lines of dialogue, and I doubt if I have ever done anything much better than the speech in which Rolf attempts to protect himself against Miss Treeby's advances by advising her to take up deep-sea diving. A faintly-played Viennese waltz provides an appropriate background . . .

Rolf. You are suffering, Miss Treeby, from the merest touch of manic-depressive insanity. There is a lot of it about just now. A complete change of occupation would limber up the thalamus and put a

little tone into the cerebrum. I recommend—*(the crash of waves is heard, mingled with seagulls' cries)* deep-sea diving.

All I had to do now was to invent a happy ending, and I decided that Miss Treeby should persuade Rolf to be present at her first descent. She contrives that she shall be assisted in her preparations by a handsome diver, and the proprietary air, half insolent, half tender, with which the fellow screws on her headpiece awakens in Rolf a pang of jealousy. As the pair laughingly disentangle their air-pipes he leaps forward, raps imperiously on Miss Treeby's helmet and signifies by passionate gestures that his heart is hers.

The whole thing struck me as a particularly happy example of success snatched from failure at the eleventh hour, and it seems to me that any young dramatist who is at a loss for a plot might do worse than try to strike a few sparks from *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.



"Hey bop a rebop
Hey bop a rebop
Hey bop a rebop . . ."

GIVE ME THE STARS

IF anyone is in any doubt about the future of that fine old British institution the music-hall he may set his fears at rest, for there is no doubt that the American stars who have been visiting this country lately have given it a much-needed boost. I went to see one of them recently, and I want you all to know what a terribly good time I had in the queue.

It was about half-past eleven on the Wednesday night when I got my groundsheet and blankets down, and I was in some doubt whether I had arrived in time. It was impossible to tell how many people there were ahead of me in the queue, since I had no idea how many to a tent they were sleeping, but a man who came up just after me said that we should get into Thursday's show all right, and this estimate later proved correct.

This man, who was a veteran visitor to these entertainments, gave me a lot of good advice, and I think his attitude is typical of the new spirit that has sprung up in the British music-hall since the big American names started appearing here. Nowadays it is all one great, happy family. Who would have dreamed, for instance, in the old days, of showing you how to make a hole in the pavement for your hip-bone while waiting for the show to start? Who would have helped you loosen your guy-ropes when it came

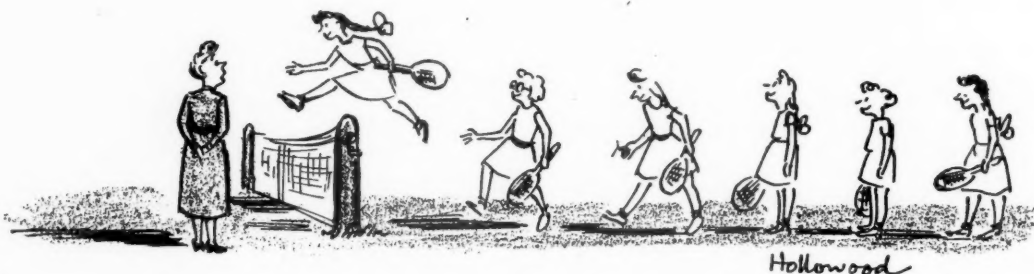
on to rain? Nobody. In the old days we had no hip-bones or guy-ropes, or if we had we struggled with them alone. Theatre-goers were just a crowd of selfish individualists in those days. We thought nothing of arriving in a taxi a few moments before, or after, the curtain went up, and of pushing everybody about until we reached our seat. We then saw the show and went home with the impression that we had been to the music-hall, having missed all the splendid comradeship, the healthful night spent in the open air, the gay songs round the old night-watchman's brazier, that going to the music-hall nowadays brings us. We were only half-alive when we went to see a show then.

Mind you, the new music-hall is no place for weaklings; the mere weight of the equipment that has to be carried ensures that. It is not only the usual camping gear that one needs; what struck me at once about my fellow-queuers was the fact that they had almost all brought along musical instruments, reports on the economic situation, blow-football sets, or some other means of recreation for the long hours until the show began. At first sight it may appear ridiculous to go to such trouble to amuse oneself while waiting for the real show to start, but personally I found the spirit of communal self-entertainment admirable. There are not many places where one has avail-

able a five-piece band, a lecturer (with magic-lantern), a small but dangerous firework display, a ludo match and a middle-weight boxing bout, all practically within arm's length, and with the exception of a few malcontents at the rear of the queue who complained that it is not considered etiquette nowadays to turn up at an entertainment without a portable three-ring circus to while away the time, we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

And the show—what shall I say of the show? It was magnificent. The wait may have been long, but the show was worth waiting for. Well-costumed, witty, tuneful—I cannot praise it too highly. And remember that every one of us had a front seat. Except when an occasional car passed between us and the entertainers, we did not miss their slightest gesture or softest-whispered word. We even heard the soft words they whispered, and saw the slight gestures they made, when the police moved them on before they could pass the hat round.

Alas, all good things come to an end at last, and the sad moment duly arrived when we had perforce to pay our money and file into the theatre. But as we did so each one of us agreed that he had never enjoyed himself so much, and that there was nothing to beat a visit to a really popular star turn.



Hollowood

"The smile a little wider, Madge dear; and the fingers more extended."

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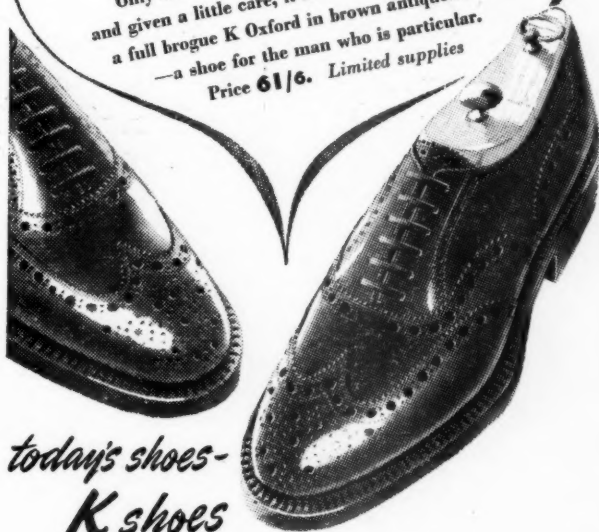
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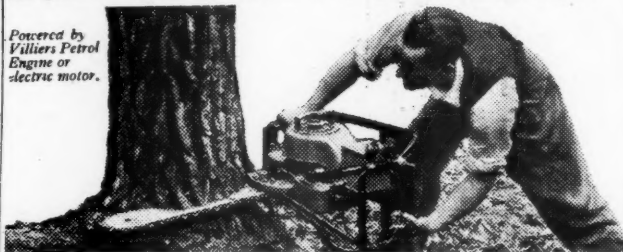
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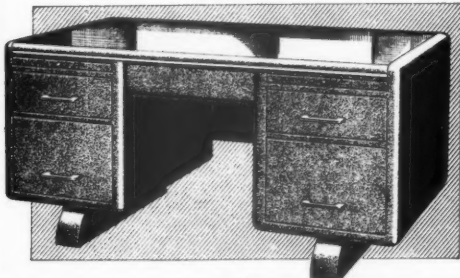
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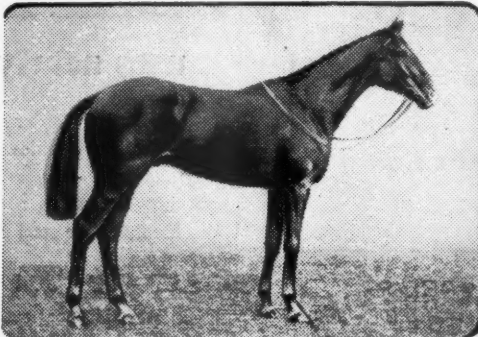
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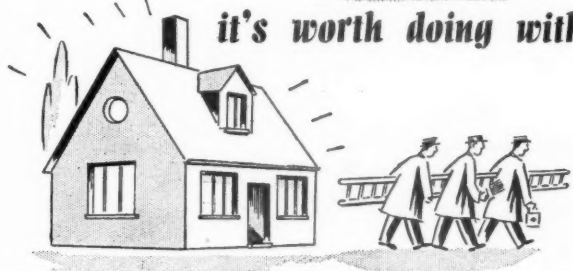
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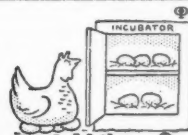
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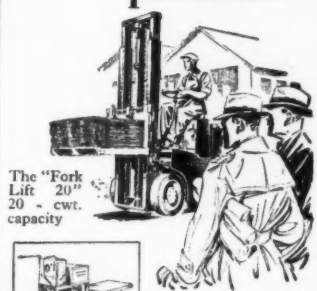


Mr. Micawber on Happiness

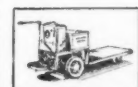
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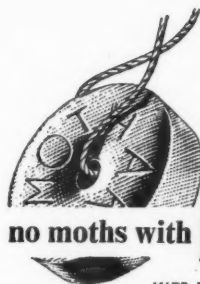
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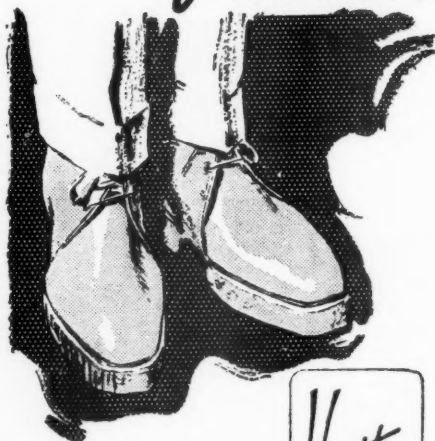
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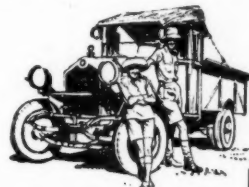
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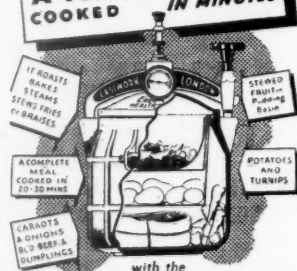
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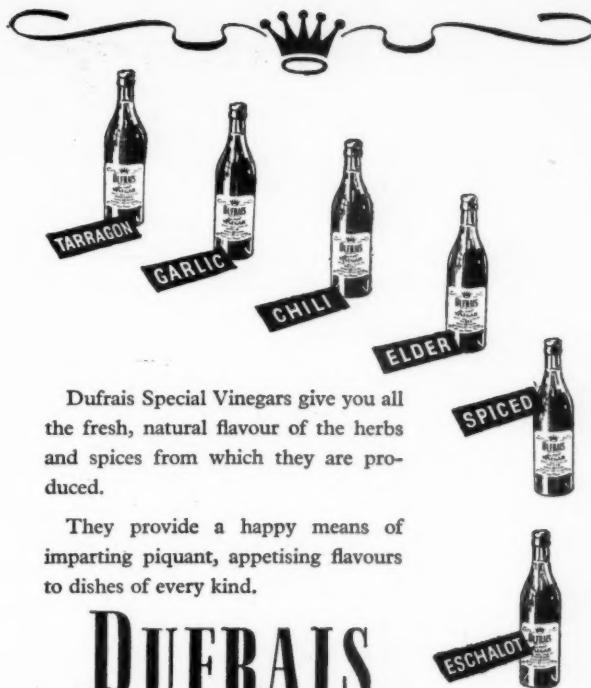
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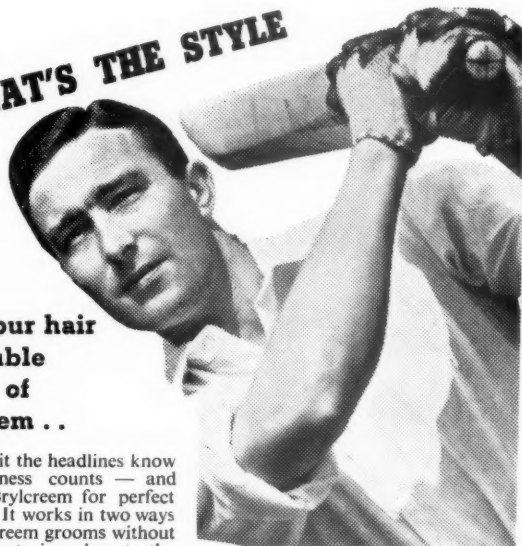
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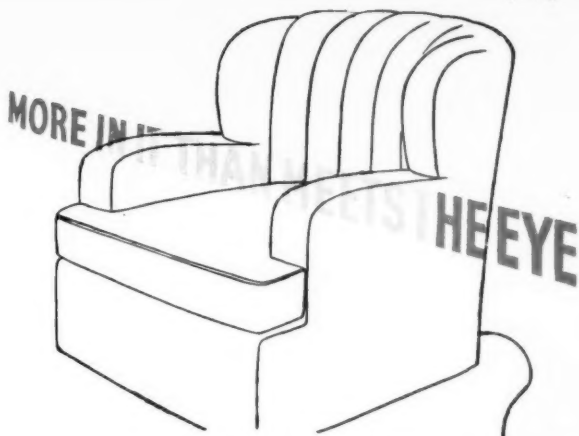
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